

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1218. — October 5, 1867.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

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MICHAEL FARADAY.

BORN: 1794. DIED: 1867.

STATESMEN and soldiers, authors, artists, —
still

The topmost leaves fall off our English oak:
Some in green summer's prime, some in the
chill

Of autumn-tide, some by late winter's stroke.

Another leaf has dropped on that sere heap —
One that hung highest; earliest to invite
The golden kiss of morn, and last to keep
The fire of eve — but still turned to the light.

No soldier's, statesman's, poet's, painter's name
Was this, through which is drawn Death's
last black line;

But one of rarer, if not loftier fame —
A Priest of Truth, who lived within her
shrine.

A Priest of Truth; his office to expound
Earth's mysteries to all who willed to hear —
Who in the book of Science sought and found,
With love, that knew all reverence, but no
fear.

A Priest, who prayed as well as ministered:
Who grasped the faith he preached, and held
it fast:

Knowing the light he followed never stirred,
Howe'er might drive the clouds through which
it past.

And if Truth's priest, servant of Science too,
Whose work was wrought for love, and not
for gain:

Not one of those who serve but to ensue
Their private profit: lordship to attain

Over their lord, and bind him in green withes,
For grinding at the mill 'neath rod and cord;
Of the large grist that they may take their
tithes —

So some serve Science that call Science Lord.

One rule his life was fashioned to fulfil, —
That he who tends Truth's shrine, and does
the hest

Of Science, with a humble, faithful will,
The God of Truth and Knowledge serveth
best.

And from his humbleness what heights he won!

By slow march of induction, pace on pace,
Scaling the peaks that seem to strike the sun,
Whence few can look, unblinded, in his face.

Until he reached the stand which they that win
A birds-eye glance o'er Nature's realm may
throw:

Whence the mind's ken by larger sweeps take in
What seems confusion, looked at from be-
low.

Till out of seeming Chaos Order grows,
In ever-widening orbs of Law restrained,
And the Creation's mighty music flows
In perfect harmony, serene, sustained;

And from varieties of force and power,
A larger unity and larger still,
Broadens to view, till in some breathless hour,
All force is known grasped in a central Will,

Thunder and light revealed as one same strength,
Modes of the force that works at Nature's
heart:

And through the Universe's veined length
Bids, wave on wave, mysterious pulses dart.

That cosmic heart-beat it was his to list,
To trace those pulses in their ebb and flow
Towards the fountain-head, where they subsist
In form, as yet, not given e'en him to know.

Yet, living face to face with these great laws,
Great truths, great mysteries, all who saw
him near

Knew him for child-like, simple, free from flaws
Of temper, full of love that casts out fear:

Untired in charity, of cheer serene;
Not caring world's wealth or good word to
earn;

Childhood's or manhood's ear content to win;
And still as glad to teach as meek to learn.

Such lives are precious; not so much for all
Of wider insight won where they have striven,
As for the still small voice with which they call
Along the beamy way from earth to heaven.

— *Punch*.

TRULY BASE.—The Americans want to
buy the Danish possessions in the West Indies.
Advocating the sale, a Copenhagen paper says:

"The cession might, perhaps, be disagree-
able to England; but no cause at present exists
to take that consideration into account."

Ungrateful Danes! When we forgave them
for giving NELSON the trouble of destroying
their fleet; when we gave them such good rea-
sons for not helping them against Prussia; and
when we held *Hamlet* as our first favourite in
tragedy. Some folks have no sense of favours.

— *Punch*

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

NOVELS.

ENGLISH novels have for a long time — from the days of Sir Walter Scott at least — held a very high reputation in the world, not so much perhaps for what critics would call the highest development of art, as for a certain sanity, wholesomeness, and cleanness unknown to other literature of the same class. This peculiarity has had its effect, no doubt, upon those very qualities of the national mind which produced it. It has increased that perfect liberty of reading which is the rule in most cultivated English houses; it has abolished the domestic Index Expurgatorius as well as all public censorship; it has made us secure and unsuspicious in our reception of every thing, or almost every thing, that comes to us in the form of print. This noble confidence has been good for everybody concerned. It has put writers on their honour, and saved readers from that wounding consciousness of restraint or of danger which destroys all delicate appreciation. There are other kinds of literature in which the darker problems of the time can be fitly discussed; and, with a tolerably unanimous consent, English writers have agreed to leave those subjects in their fit place. The novel — which is the favourite reading of the young, which is one of the chief amusements of all secluded and most suffering people, which is precious to women and unoccupied persons — has been kept by this understanding, or by a natural impulse better than any understanding, to a great degree pure from all noxious topics. That corruption which has so fatally injured the French school of fiction has, it has been our boast, scrupulously kept away from ours. It was something to boast of. We might not produce the same startling effects, we might not reach the same perfection in art, which a craftsman utterly freed of all restraints, and treating vice and virtue with equal impartiality, may aspire to; but we had this supreme advantage, — that we were free to all classes and feared by none. Men did not snatch the guilty volume out of sight when any innocent creature drew nigh, or mature women lock up the book with which they condescended to amuse themselves, as they do in France. Our novels were family reading; and the result has been a sense of freedom, an absence of all suggestion of evil, in the superficial studies of ordinary society, which it is impossible to overestimate. "*Nous sommes*

tous d'un age mûr." said an irreproachable French matron to the English acquaintance whose eyes expressed a certain amazement at the frankness of some drawing-room narrative; "*j'espère que vous ne pensez pas que je parlerais comme ça devant des jeunes gens.*" This idea, which is the very heart of French ideas on the subject, is quite foreign to our insular habits. We are accustomed both to read and to speak every thing that comes in our way in the presence of *jeunes gens*. The habit has so grown upon us, that to change it would involve a revolution in all our domestic arrangements. It would involve us in an amount of trouble which very few could face. We should require three or four packets from the library instead of one. We should have the nuisance of separating our children and dependants from our own amusements. We should no longer be able to discuss, as we do now continually, the books that we are reading and the thoughts we are thinking. This is a necessity from which we have been altogether free in the tranquil past; but it is an indulgence which only habit and the long use and wont of public security preserve to us now.

For there can be no doubt that a singular change has passed upon our light literature. It is not that its power has failed or its popularity diminished — much the reverse; it is because a new impulse has been given and a new current set in the flood of contemporary story-telling. We will not ask whence or from whom the influence is derived. It has been brought into being by society, and it naturally re-acts upon society. The change perhaps began at the time when Jane Eyre made what advanced critics call her "protest" against the conventionalities in which the world clothes itself. We have had many "protests" since that time; but it is to be doubted how far they have been to our advantage. The point to which we have now arrived is certainly very far from satisfactory. The English mind is still so far *borné* that we do not discuss the seventh commandment with all that effusion and fulness of detail which is common on the other side of the Channel, though even in that respect progress is daily being made; but there are points in which we altogether outdo our French neighbours. To a French girl fresh from her convent, the novels of her own language are rigorously tabooed; whereas we are all aware that they are the favourite reading of her contemporary in this country, and are not unfrequently even the production, with all their unseemly ref-

erences and exhibitions of forbidden knowledge, of young women, moved either by the wild foolhardiness of inexperience, or by ignorance of everything that is natural and becoming to their condition. It is painful to inquire where it is that all those stories of bigamy and seduction, those *soi-disant* revelations of things that lie below the surface of life, come from. Such tales might flow here and there from one morbid imagination, and present themselves to us as moral phenomena, without casting any stigma upon society in general; but this is not how they appear. They have taken, as it would seem, permanent possession of all the lower strata of light literature. Above, there still remains, it is true, a purer atmosphere, for which we may be thankful; but all our minor novelists, almost without exception, are of the school called sensational. Writers who have no genius and little talent make up for it by displaying their acquaintance with the accessories and surroundings of vice, with the means of seduction, and with what they set forth as the secret tendencies of the heart, — tendencies which, according to this interpretation, all point one way. When the curate's daughter in 'Shirley' burst forth into passionate lamentation over her own position and the absence of any man whom she could marry, it was a new sensation to the world in general. That men and women should marry we had all of us acknowledged as one of the laws of humanity; but up to the present generation most young women had been brought up in the belief that their own feelings on this subject should be religiously kept to themselves. No doubt this was a conventionalism; and if a girl in a secluded parsonage is very much in earnest about a husband, there is no effectual reason we know of why she should not lift up her "protest" against circumstances.

But things have gone very much further since the days of 'Shirley.' We have grown accustomed to the reproduction, not only of wails over female loneliness and the impossibility of finding anybody to marry, but to the narrative of many thrills of feeling much more practical and conclusive. What is held up to us as the story of the feminine soul as it really exists underneath its conventional coverings is a very fleshly and unlovely record. Women driven wild with love for the man who leads them on to desperation before he accords that word of encouragement which carries them into the seventh heaven; women who marry their grooms in fits of sensual passion; women who pray their lovers to carry them

off from husbands and homes they hate; women, at the very least of it, who give and receive burning kisses and frantic embraces, and live in a voluptuous dream, either waiting for or brooding over the inevitable lover, — such are the heroines who have been imported into modern fiction. "All for love and the world well lost," was once the motto of a simple but perennial story, with which every human creature had a certain sympathy — the romance that ended pleasantly in a wholesome wedding, or pathetically in a violet-covered grave. But the meaning has changed nowadays. Now it is no knight of romance riding down the forest glades, ready for the defence and succour of all the oppressed, for whom the dreaming maiden waits. She waits now for flesh and muscles, for strong arms that seize her, and warm breath that thrills her through, and a host of other physical attractions, which she indicates to the world with a charming frankness. On the other side of the picture, it is, of course, the amber hair and undulating form, the warm flesh and glowing colour, for which the youth sighs in his turn; but, were the sketch made from the man's point of view, its openness would at least be less repulsive. The peculiarity of it in England is, that it is oftenest made from the woman's side — that it is women who describe those sensuous raptures — that this intense appreciation of flesh and blood, this eagerness of physical sensation, is represented as the natural sentiment of English girls, and is offered to them not only as the portrait of their own state of mind, but as their amusement and mental food. Such a wonderful phenomenon might exist, and yet society might be innocent of it. It might be the fault of one, or of a limited school; and the mere fact that such ravings are found in print might be no great argument against the purity of the age. But when it is added that the class thus represented does not disown the picture; that, on the contrary, it hangs it up in the boudoir and drawing-room; that the books which contain it circulate everywhere, and are read everywhere, and are not contradicted, — then the case becomes much more serious. For our own part, we do not believe, as some people do, that a stratum of secret vice underlies the outward seeming of society. Most of our neighbours, we know, are very good sort of people, and we believe unfeignedly that our neighbours' neighbours resemble our own. It is possible to believe that very fine people or very shabby people are profoundly wicked; out, as for

the world as represented on our own level, we know that it is not so. The girls of our acquaintance in general are very nice girls; they do not, so far as we are aware, — notwithstanding a natural proclivity towards the society, when it is to be had, of their natural companions in existence, — pant for indiscriminate kisses, or go mad for unattainable men. And yet here stands the problem which otherwise is not to be solved. It is thus that Miss Braddon and Miss Thomas, and a host of other writers, explain their feelings. These ladies might not know, it is quite possible, any better. They might not be aware how young women of good blood and good training feel. The perplexing fact is, that the subjects of this slander make no objection to it. Protests are being raised everywhere in abundance; but against this misrepresentation there is no protest. It seems to be accepted by the great audience of the circulating libraries as something like the truth. Mr. Trollope's charming girls do not, now that we know them so well, call forth half so much notice from the press as do the Aurora Floyds of contemporary fiction. Is, then, the picture true? or by what extraordinary impulse is it that the feminine half of society thus stigmatises and stultifies its own existence?

The question is one at which we may wonder, but to which we can give no answer; and it is a very serious matter, let us look at it as we will. It may be possible to laugh at the notion that books so entirely worthless, so far as literary merit is concerned, should affect any reader injuriously, though even of this we are a little doubtful; but the fact that this new and disgusting picture of what professes to be the female heart comes from the hands of women, and is tacitly accepted by them as real, is not in any way to be laughed at. Some change must have been wrought upon the social mind ere such things could be tolerated at all; and even now we are not awakened out of our calm to a full consciousness of the change. When we are so, then we will, of course, according to our natural English course of action, take tardy measures of precaution. We will attempt, in the face of all our traditions and habits, to establish the Index Expurgatorius; we will lock up the books which are not for the *jeunes gens*; we will glance, ourselves, with curiosity and a sense of guilt, "just to see what it is like," over the objectionable portion of our library parcel; and we will make up our minds to say nothing of it before the girls. Vain thought! If the girls

are such as they are therein described, one book or another will do them little harm; and, if the picture is false, why do they accept it? So far from showing any difficulty on this point, it is those very books, according to all appearances, which are most in demand. The 'Times' deals them the crowning glory of its approval. The critical journals, if they do not approve, at least take the trouble to discuss; and "the authorities at the great circulating libraries," as somebody says — those sublime critics who sit at the fountain-head of literature, and enlarge or choke up at their pleasure the springs of our supply — find it impossible to resist the public craving for its favourite food. Mr. Mudie, too, may utter a "protest;" but it is futile in face of the protests of fiction. We confess to having felt a sense of injury in our national pride when our solemn contemporary, the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' held up in one of its recent numbers the names of Miss Annie Thomas and Mr. Edmund Yates to the admiration of the world as representative novelists of England. And yet, after all, though the acknowledgment naturally costs us a pang, the Frenchman was right. Such writers are purely, characteristically English. They are not brilliantly wicked like their French contemporaries. The consciousness of good and evil hangs about them, a kind of literary fig-leaf, a little better or worse than nothing. Though it is evident that the chatter of imaginary clubs or still more imaginary studios is their highest idea of social intercourse, still the guardsmen and the painters do not talk so freely nor half so cleverly as they would have done on the other side of the Channel. That sublime respect for sentimental morality and poetic justice which distinguishes the British public stands forth in them beyond all question. The wicked people are punished and the good people are rewarded, as they always should be; and there are exquisite bits of pious reflection which make up to the reader for a doubtful situation or an equivocal character. This, however, is what we have come to in the eyes of our neighbours. It is not so serious as the moral question; but it is in its way very serious. A critic, indeed, may deceive himself when he looks across the mists and rains of the Channel; but if he is guided by what English papers say, by what advertisements say, by the evidence of circulating libraries and publishers' announcements — how can he judge otherwise? The glories of the moment are in the hands of Miss Thomas and her class. Whether it

be in appreciation, or contempt, or amazement at the extraordinary character of such successes, the fact remains that our weekly critics never fail to say something about their productions; and is not Maga also now beguiled to the further extension of their fame? It is humbling; but it is true.

And the fact is all the more humbling when we consider the very small amount of literary skill employed in the construction of these books. In France, again, it is the other way. A wicked novel there may be very disgusting; but it is generally clever, and sometimes possesses a certain hideous sort of spiritual interest. When the vilest of topics happens to fall into the hands of such an anatomist as Balzac, or under the more human touch of Victor Hugo, there is something of calm science in the investigation—a kind of inexorable and passionless dissection which renders even such studies impressive. But English sensational books of the day have no such attraction. We do not gulp down the evil in them for the sake of the admirable skill that depicts it, or the splendour of the scenery amid which it occurs. On the contrary, we swallow the poorest of literary drivel—sentiments that are adapted to the atmosphere of a Surrey theatre—descriptions of society which show the writer's ignorance of society—style the most mean or the most inflated—for the sake of the objectionable subjects they treat. The novels which crowd our libraries are, for a great part, not literature at all. Their construction shows, in some cases, a certain rude skill, in some a certain clever faculty of theft; but in none any real inventive genius; and as for good taste, or elegance, or perception of character, these are things that do not tell upon the sensational novel. The events are the necessary things to consider, not the men; and thus the writer goes on from one *tour de force* to another, losing even what little natural gift might belong to him in its over-exercise, but never losing the most sweet voices which he has once conciliated.

Such at least is the evidence of the newspapers. 'Rupert Godwin,' for example, the last work published by Miss Braddon, although published only a few days, is already, according to the advertisements, in the fourth edition. Yet it would be difficult to point out one single claim it has to popular approval. We have met with many curious things in these lower regions of bookmaking; but it has never been our rate to meet with any piece of literary theft so bare-faced and impudent as this book. The story is copied in all its important par-

ticulars from Mr. Charles Reade's well-known and powerful novel of 'Hard Cash'—a work, we need not say, as far above the lower world into which 'Rupert Godwin' has been born as it is possible to conceive. The story of 'Hard Cash,' as everybody knows, is that of a sailor captain, who confides his hard-won money to the care of a banker, and, being cheated, goes mad, and is only rescued after many moving adventures by sea and land, his wife and children in the meanwhile being left destitute. In 'Rupert Godwin,' the conception is so far varied, that the sea-captain is stabbed, and left for dead by the wicked banker; but all the other incidents may stand as above narrated. There are two pairs of lovers, son and daughter of the respective banker and victim, in both books; there is a madhouse in both books, and a clerk who betrays his master, and a marvellous recovery for the killed and mad hero. The only little difference is, that in one book this hero is a certain glorious sailor, dear to our hearts, noble old knight of romance, simple old English seaman, David Dodd, altogether one of the finest conceptions in English fiction; and in the other a miserable ghost called Westfield, about whom nobody knows any thing nor cares any thing. How such an amount of self-confidence, or confidence in the folly of the public, could be attained as is displayed in this publication, it would be difficult either to explain or to understand. Mr. Reade is not yet a classic. He is one of the most powerful of contemporary writers; and, though it may be possible to borrow with small acknowledgment a French story, it is temerity, indeed, to plagiarize so well known a production. Yet this is what Miss Braddon has ventured to do. She has taken the bones of the tale, as a poor curate might take a skeleton sermon. Having no flesh to put upon them, it is true that, honestest so far than the curate, she leaves the bones as she found them; and, notwithstanding a liberal mention of violet eyes and golden hair and dark Spanish beauty, presents her personages to us in a skeleton state. But this, it would appear, makes no difference to an admiring public. Here is the compiler's own account of the reception given to this piece of stolen goods:—

"'Rupert Godwin' was written for, and first appeared in, a cheap weekly journal. From this source, the tale was translated into the French language, and ran as the leading story in the 'Journal pour Tous.' It was there discovered by an American, who retranslated the matter back into English, and who obtained

an outlet for the new translation in the columns of the 'New York Mercury.' These and other versions have been made without the slightest advantage to the author, or indeed without the faintest approach to any direct communication to her on the subject. Influenced by the facts as here stated, the author has revised the original, and now offers the result for what it is—namely, a tale of incident, written to amuse the short intervals of leisure which the readers of popular periodicals can snatch from their daily avocations, and also as a work that has not been published in England, except in the crude and fragmentary shape already mentioned."

The public has rewarded this noble confidence in them by consuming already three editions of this much produced tale. Three nations, accordingly, have united in doing honour to 'Rupert Godwin.' England, France, and America have seized upon it with that eager appreciation which is the best reward of genius. Most probably, before this present page has seen the light, it will have been reviewed in more than one leading journal with praise proportioned to its popularity. Was there ever literary phenomenon more inconceivable? We stand aghast with open mouth of wonder, and are stricken dumb before it. Miss Braddon has, without doubt, certain literary claims. 'Aurora Floyd,' notwithstanding its unpleasant subject (though we don't doubt that its unpleasant subject has been in reality the cause of its great success), is a very clever story. It is well knit together, thoroughly interesting, and full of life. The life is certainly not of a high description, but it is genuine in its way; and few people with any appreciation of fiction could refuse to be attracted by a tale so well defined. The 'Doctor's Wife' strikes even a higher note. It is true that it is to some extent plagiarized, as was pointed out at the time of its publication, from a French story; but the plagiarism was so far perfectly allowable that it clearly defined wherein the amount of license permitted by English taste differs from that which comes natural to the French. Other books of Miss Braddon's have not been unworthy, to some extent, of the applause bestowed upon them. There has been a good story now and then, a clever bit of construction, even an inkling of a character. She is the inventor of the fair-haired demon of modern fiction. Wick-ed women used to be brunettes long ago, now they are the daintiest, softest, prettiest of blonde creatures; and this change has been wrought by Lady Audley, and her influence on contemporary novels. She has brought in the reign of bigamy as an inter-

esting and fashionable crime, which no doubt shows a certain deference to the British relish for law and order. It goes against the seventh commandment, no doubt, but does it in a legitimate sort of way, and is an invention which could only have been possible to an Englishwoman knowing the attraction of impropriety, and yet loving the shelter of law. These are real results which Miss Braddon has achieved, and we do not grudge her the glory of them; but yet we cannot conceive how the *éclat* of such triumphs, great as it may be, should cover a piece of imposture. The boldness of the feat is the only thing that does in any way redeem it; and that is not an excuse either for literary larceny or that marvellous public credulity and folly, which is the really alarming feature in the transaction. The author of 'Rupert Godwin' has compelled the world to accept not only a copy, but a very miserable copy, by the mere form of her name. She has palmed off upon three intelligent nations, according to her own account, a fairy changeling, bewitched out of natural beauty into decrepitude and ugliness; and France, England, and America have taken the imp at her word. This is a power which the greatest of writers might envy. It is one of the finest privileges of a great name. To have made such an impression upon your contemporaries that the whole civilised world thus acknowledges your sway is a thing rarely achieved even by the greatest. But it has been achieved by Miss Braddon; and, in sight of such a climax of fame and success, what can any one say?

We feel disposed, however, to emulate to some extent that pertinacious critic who once, as the story goes, took upon him to annotate the course of a sermon, by announcing the real authorship of its finest paragraphs. "Turn that man out," cried the aggrieved incumbent. "That's his own," said the critic. In like manner there is something in 'Rupert Godwin' which is Miss Braddon's own. When the poor widow's virtuous and lovely daughter earns her scanty living on the stage, she is made the victim of one of those romantic abductions which used to be so frequent (in novels) forty or fifty years ago. As it happens, it does her no harm either in reputation or any thing else, and, in short, is of little service any how, except to fill up so many pages; but it is purely original, and not copied. This it is only just to say. A foolish young marquess sets his heart upon the queen of beauty in the stage tableaux, and declares himself ready, as foolish

young marquesses, our readers are aware, are so apt to do, "to lay his coronet at her feet, and make her Marchioness of Roxleydale;" a desire which the villain of the piece immediately seizes upon by way of carrying out his own vile projects. And accordingly Miss Braddon, with a stroke of her wand, brings back out of the ancient ages that post-chaise with the locked doors and the impossible man on the box with which we are all so perfectly acquainted. The lovely Violet is thus carried off to the old decayed house, with the old half-imbecile housekeeper, whom also we know. But we are bound to say that the young lady takes the accident with the composure becoming a young lady of the nineteenth century. Half-way on the road, when they stop to change horses, she satisfies herself that the pretext of her mother's illness, by which she has been inveigled into the carriage, is false, and sinks back relieved with a profound sense of gratitude to heaven. She is rescued, as we have said; and the whole affair passes off in the calmest way, as such a natural accident might be supposed to pass. This abduction is Miss Braddon's own. And so is the episode of Esther Vanberg, a ballet-girl who dies a most exemplary death at the Star and Garter, Richmond, after having been thrown by a wicked horse which she had ordered her lover, a young duke, to buy for her for a thousand pounds. The horse is bought, and runs away and breaks the reckless young woman's spine, and she then makes an edifying end which would become a saint, and leaves her duke touchingly inconsolable, though this also is utterly unconnected with the story. Esther's beauty had been of the demoniac order in her appearances on the stage. She inhabited a *bijou* mansion in Bolton Row; her drawing-room was approached by "a richly decorated staircase, where nymphs and satyrs in Florentine bronze smirked and capered in the recesses of the pale grey wall, relieved by mouldings and medallions in unburnished gold." Tropical flowers shaded the open windows, and the room was furnished with amber satin. Yet all this, and the hunter worth a thousand pounds, and circlets of diamonds, and flounces of the richest lace, all bought with her duke's money, seems to be considered by Miss Braddon quite consistent with relations of the purest character between the duke and the opera-dancer. And when she dies in this perfectly admirable way, the duke remains a kind of spiritual widower, to carry out all the last intentions, and build a monument over the grave

of his love. In such an ethereal and lofty way are things supposed to be managed between young English dukes and ballet-girls. These episodes are both Miss Braddon's very own. We recognise in them the original touch of the artist; and no doubt it is thus she has indemnified herself for giving up her natural faculty of construction, and using somebody else's story. Notwithstanding the undiminished success which has attended the essay, we cannot but think it is a pity. Honesty is the best policy. A writer whose gift lies in the portrayal of character, in delicate touches of observation, or sketches of real life, may possibly find it practicable to take the mere framework which has served another man; but for an author whose sole literary gift is that of construction, it is a pity. Miss Braddon has proved that she can invent a story. She can do it much better than she can discriminate or describe, or even talk; and, though it may save trouble, it is a sacrifice of her own powers she makes when she thus borrows from another. If we could hope that it was Mr. Reade who had done it, the matter would be very much less important; for Mr. Reade has many gifts, and can play upon his audience as on an instrument, and move us to tears or laughter as is permitted to very few. Miss Braddon cannot do this; but if she can fill up the circulating library, and be translated into French, and retranslated into American, she certainly does owe her *clientelle* the exercise of her one faculty. Such privileges have duties attached to them; and a prophet in whom the public thus believes should at least give of her own to that believing public. She never invented any circumstance so extraordinary as this public faith and loyal adherence which she seems to have won.

Miss Braddon is the leader of her school, and to her the first honours ought naturally to be given, but her disciples are many. One of the latest of these disciples is the authoress of 'Cometh up as a Flower,' a novel which has recently won that amount of public approval which is conveyed by praise in the leading papers and a second edition. This book is not a stupid book. There is a certain amount of interest and some character in it. The young lover is, in his way, a real man — not very brilliant certainly, nor with any pretence of intellectuality, but as far removed as possible from the womanish individual so often presented to us ticketed as a man in ladies' novels; and so is the middle-aged husband. The wonderful thing in it is the portrait of the modern

young woman as presented from her own point of view. The last wave but one of female novelists was very feminine. Their stories were all family stories, their troubles domestic, their women womanly to the last degree, and their men not much less so. The present influx of young life has changed all that. It has reinstated the injured creature Man in something like his natural character; but unfortunately it has gone to extremes, and moulded its women on the model of men, just as the former school moulded its men on the model of women. The heroine of 'Cometh up as a Flower' is a good case in point. She is not by any means so disagreeable, so vulgar, or so manish, as at the first beginning she makes herself out to be. Her flippancy, to start with, revolts the reader, and inclines him to pitch the volume to as great a distance from him as is practicable; but, if he has patience a little, the girl is not so bad. She is a motherless girl, brought up in the very worst way, and formed on the most wretched model, but yet there is a touch of nature in the headstrong creature. And this of itself is a curious peculiarity in fiction generally. Ill-brought-up motherless girls, left to grow anyhow, out of all feminine guardianship, have become the ideal of the novelist. There is this advantage in them, that benevolent female readers have the resource of saying "Remember she had no mother," when the heroine falls into any unusual lapse from feminine traditions; but it is odd, to say the least of it, that this phase of youthful life should commend itself so universally to the female novelist. Here is a specimen of what the young woman of the period considers sprightly, prepossessing, and lifelike. It is the introduction of the young heroine to the reader:—

"I gambolled up to him in a bird-like manner. 'Well,' said I cheerfully, 'I suppose the tea is quite cold, and you're quite cross, and I'm to have a real good scolding, aren't I?' Then I stooped and kissed the whitened hairs."

"'En, what?' said he, thus suddenly called back from his joyless reverie to the contemplation of a young round face that was dear to him, and vainly endeavouring to extricate himself from the meshes of a redundant crop of curly hair which was being flourished in its redness before his face. 'Indeed, Nell, I'd forgotten your very existence that minute.'"

"'What could have chased so pleasing an image from your mind's eye?' said I laughing."

"'What always chases every pleasing image,' he answered gloomily."

"'Bills, I suppose,' returned I discontentedly. 'Bills, bills, bills!—that's the song in

this house from morning to night. Is there any word of one syllable in the English language that conveys so many revolting ideas?'

"'None, except hell,' said my father bitterly, 'and I sometimes think they're synonymous.'"

"'Dad,' said I, 'take my advice, and try a new plan; don't worry about them any more—take no notice of them at all. We've got the air and the sunshine, and one another left—we ought to be happy; and, if the worst comes to the worst, we can but go to jail, where we shall be nicely dressed, well fed, and have our hair cut, all for nothing.'"

A little after, this charming young lady goes to a party, where she makes great progress in the acquaintance and affections of a yellow-haired young dragoon, who is the *jeune premier* of the tale. But as her opinions upon general subjects are more to the point than her particular love-story, we quote from a conversation which takes place next day between herself and her father. First of all, it has taken a somewhat lugubrious tone:—

"'Do let us talk of something else,' cried I peevishly; 'I hate such moping sort of subjects.'"

"'By all means—something gay and festive—the party last night for instance,' says the author of my being, ironically."

"'It was not so bad as I expected,' returned I, brightening up, and eradicating the moisture from my eyes with my knuckles."

"'How did you get on with all those fine ladies?' inquired my father kindly."

"'Middling,' said I; 'I did not care much about them. I liked the men better. If I went into society, I should like to go to parties where there are no women, only men.'"

"'That is a sentiment that I think I should keep for home use, my dear, if I were you.'"

"'Should you? Well, perhaps so; but women are so prying and censorious! All the time you are talking to them you feel sure that they are criticising the sit of your tucker, and calculating how much a-yard your dress cost. Now, if you're only pretty and pleasant—indeed, even if you're not either (I mentally classed myself under this latter head)—men are good natured, and take you as they find you, and make the best of you.'"

"My father did not dispute my position."

These are sentiments which everybody is aware a great many vulgar clever women think it clever and striking to enunciate. The misery of such unhappy ones as throw themselves out of the society of their own sex, their pitiful strivings after the recognition of any stray strong-minded woman who will look over their imperfections, should be sufficient answer to it in any serious point

of view. But there is a great deal that is unlovely which is not immoral, and false to every human and natural sentiment without being positively wicked. This is one of the popular bits of falsehood by which lively-minded young women are often taken in and led to misrepresent themselves. And it is another curious feature in second-rate women's books. As a general rule, all the women in these productions, except the one charming heroine, are mean and envious creatures, pulling the exceptional beauty to pieces. Shall we say that the women who write ought to know? But the fact is, that a great many of the women who write live very contentedly in the society of other women, see little else, find their audience and highest appreciation among them, and are surrounded and backed up and applauded by their own sex in a way which men would be very slow to emulate. The pretence is one which only a vulgar mind could make. The man who scorns, or pretends to scorn, women's society, is generally a fool; what should the woman be? But it is one of those popular falsehoods which hosts of people repeat without in the least meaning it. It seems to imply a certain elevation above her neighbours of the speaker; although the very same woman, if brought to the test, would shrink and recoil and be confounded if her silly and false aspirations could be realised. Of course the patent meaning of it on the lips of a girl like the heroine of the book before us is, that the society she prefers is that of the man with whom she is falling in love, and who has fallen in love with her, and that for the moment the presence of other people is rather a bore than otherwise.

This story, as we have already said, is interesting, not because of its particular plot or incidents, but as a sample of the kind of expression given by modern fiction to modern sentiments from the woman's point of view. Nelly Leatr nge has no particular objections to meet her soldier out of doors whenever he pleases to propose it. He takes her in his arms after he has seen her about three times, and she has still no objection. The girl is innocent enough according to all appearance, but she has certainly an odd way of expressing herself for a girl. She wonders if her lover and she, when they meet in heaven, will be "sexless passionless essences," and says, God forbid! She speaks, when a loveless marriage dawns upon her, of giving her shrinking body to the disagreeable bridegroom. There may be nothing wrong in all this, but it is curious language, as we

have said, for a girl. And here let us pause to make a necessary discrimination. A *grande passion* is a thing which has to be recognised as possible wherever it is met with in this world. If two young people fall heartily and honestly in love with each other, and are separated by machinations such as abound in novels, but unfortunately are not unknown in life, and one of them is compelled to marry somebody else, it is not unnatural, it is not revolting, that the true love unextinguished should blaze wildly up, in defiance of all law, when the opportunity occurs. This is wrong, sinful, ruinous, but it is not disgusting; whereas those speeches about shrinking bodies and sexless essences are disgusting in the fullest sense of the word. Would that the new novelist, the young beginner in the realm of fiction, could but understand this! We will quote the last scene — the only scene in which there is much evidence of dramatic power in this novel. In it the poor little heroine, in her despair, flies in the face of all right and honour and virtue, yet is not revolting, nor yet nasty — which in her quite innocent impassioned moods, in her daring tone, and reckless little sayings, she frequently and unpardonably is. Every thing that is worst to bear has happened to the unfortunate Nelly. Her lover's letters have been abstracted; she has been taught to think him false to her; she has married for that reason, and to save her father's life, the unattractive Sir Hugh, and her father has died the day after, losing to her all the comfort of her sacrifice; and then, in a moment when she is left alone, there comes suddenly her true lover, heart-broken with her perfidy, to look at her for the last time; and they speak to each other, and find out how it is that they have been separated. He is going to India, and it is their last meeting: —

"Looking into his haggard, beautiful, terrible face, I forgot all I should have remembered; forgot virtue and honour and self-respect; my heart spoke out to his. 'Oh, don't go,' I cried, running to him; 'don't you know how I love you? For my sake stay. I cannot live without you.'

"I clasped both hands on his rough coat-sleeve, and my bowed head sank down upon them.

"Do you suppose I can live in England and see you belonging to another man?' he asked, harshly; 'the world is all hell now as it is; but that would be the blackest, nethermost hell. No; let me go,' said he, fiercely, pushing me away from him roughly, while his face was writhen and distorted.

"If you go," I said in my insanity, throwing myself into his arms, "I'll go too. Oh! for God's sake, take me with you!"

"He strained me to his desolate heart, and we kissed each other wildly, vehemently; none came between us then. Then he tried to put me away from him.

"My darling," said he, "you don't know what you are saying. Do you think I am such a brute as to be the ruin of the only woman I ever loved?" And his deep voice was sorely shaken as he spoke.

"But I would not be put away. I clung about his neck in my bitter pain, my mad despair.

"Oh, don't leave me behind you! You're all I have in the world now. Oh, take me, take me with you!"

"My hair fell in its splendid ruddy billows over his great shoulder, and my arms were flung about the stately pillar of his throat. He set his teeth hard, and drew in his breath. It was a tough ordeal.

"I won't," he said, hoarsely. "For God's sake, stop tempting me! I'd sooner cut your throat than take you. Do you think it would be loving you to bring you down to a level with the scum of the earth? Oh, Nell, Nell! you ought to be my good angel. Don't tempt me to kill my own soul and yours."

"The reproachful anguish of his tones smote me like a two-edged sword. I said no more."

Now, this is very objectionable, no doubt, and as wrong as it can be, but it is not disgusting. In the circumstances it is not unnatural. Great love and despair, and the sense of an irredeemable useless sacrifice and a horrible mistake, might excuse, if they did not warrant, such an outbreak. The difference is very clear and easily to be defined. At such a moment the reader forgives, and his mind is not revolted by a hopeless burst of passion, even though possible vice and the greatest of social sins is involved in it. And there is no sin involved in the light talk and nasty phrases which may mean nothing; yet to everybody of pure mind it is those latter which are most disgusting. Nor is this distinction an arbitrary one. When a human creature is under the influence of passion, it may be moved to the wildest thoughts, the most hopeless impulses, suggestions utterly foreign to its natural character; but its utterance in its cooler moments expresses the ordinary tenor of life. A woman, driven wild by the discovery of domestic fraud and great wrong, might propose any sin in her frenzy, and yet might be innocent; whereas a woman who makes uncleanly suggestions in the calm of her ordinary talk is a creature altogether unendurable and beyond the

pale. This distinction is one which goes deeper than mere criticism. It is a point upon which social literature and society itself go much astray. When people who scarcely know each other, and do not care for each other, are obliged to meet, the lightest of light talk naturally comes in to fill up the stray moments; and it is very handy for the novelist who has many stray corners to fill up; but now and then a point of some kind must be given to this light social froth. If not wit, which is not always at hand, why then a little license, a touch of nastiness—something that will shock, if not amuse. This is the abomination in the midst of us. Perhaps the indication it would seem to give of darker evil concealed below may be false—and we not only hope but believe that it is false—but of itself it is the height of unloveliness.

After our free-spoken heroine has come to the climax of her fate, she becomes consumptive and reflective after that lofty pious kind which generally associates itself with this species of immorality; for sensual literature and the carnal mind have a kind of piety quite to themselves, when disappointment and incapacity come upon them. The fire which burned so bright dies out into the most inconceivably grey of ashes; and the sweetest submission, the tenderest purity, take the place in a second of all those daring headstrong fancies, all that self-will and self-indulgence. The intense goodness follows the intense sensuousness as by a natural law;—the same natural law, we presume, which makes the wicked witch of romance—the woman who has broken everybody's heart, and spent everybody's money, and desolated everybody's home—sink at last into the most devoted of sisters of charity. The good women who follow the rule of St. Vincent de Paul would be little flattered by the suggestion.

We do not feel ourselves capable of noticing, although what we have just said recalls them to our mind, certain very fine and very nasty books, signed with the name of a certain Ouida, it is to be supposed a woman also. They are so fine as to be unreadable, and consequently we should hope could do little harm, the diction being too gorgeous for merely human faculties. We note, in glancing here and there through the luscious pages, that there is always either a mass of glorious hair lying across a man's breast, or a lady's white and jewelled fingers are twined in the gentleman's chestnut or raven curls—preferably chestnut; for "colour" is necessary to every such picture. Our readers

will have remarked that even in the crisis of her misery, the poor little heroine of 'Cometh up as a Flower' could not refrain from throwing her hair in "splendid ruddy billows" over her lover's shoulder; and the amount of use got out of the same powerful agent in 'Strathmore' and 'Idalia' seems something remarkable. Hair, indeed, in general, has become one of the leading properties in fiction. The facility with which it flows over the shoulders and bosoms in its owner's vicinity is quite extraordinary. In every emergency it is ready for use. Its quantity and colour, and the reflections in it, and even the "fuzz," which is its modern peculiarity, take the place of all those pretty qualities with which heroines used to be endowed. What need has a woman for a soul when she has upon her head a mass of wavy gold? When a poor creature has to be represented, her hair is said to be scanty, and of no particular colour. Power, strength, a rich nature, a noble mind, are all to be found embodied in this great attribute. Samson, being a Jew, had probably black locks, which would be against him; but otherwise Samson would have made a great figure in these days if indeed Delilah had not outdone him with amber floods of equal potency. Amber is the tint patronised in the works of Ouida. It is the only idea that we have been able to evolve out of her gorgeous pages, if indeed it can be called an idea. With other and more orthodox writers the hue is gold or red. When the conception demands a milder shade of colouring, auburn, and even chestnut (with gold reflections), are permissible; but when a very high effect is intended, red is the hue *par excellence*. Red and gold, in all its shades, are compatible with virtue; amber means rich luxurious vice; whereas the pale and scanty locks are the embodiment of meanness and poverty of character. As for black and brown, which were once favourites in fiction before it took to violent colouring, they are "nowhere." They may be permitted now and then in a strictly subordinate position, but they have nothing to do with the symbolism of modern art.

Red is the colour chosen by Mr. Edmund Yates* to characterise the heroine of one of his many productions, the Margaret of 'Land at Last.' She has, as a matter of course, "large, deep, violet eyes," and "long, thick, luxuriant hair, of a deep-red, gold colour; not the poetic 'auburn' — not the vulgar 'carrots' — a rich metallic red, un-

mistakable, admitting of no compromise, no darkening by grease or confining by fixative — a great mass of deep-red hair, strange, weird, and oddly beautiful." She is picked up in the street by the artist-hero, who is equally, as a matter of course, subjugated at once by this gorgeous combination of colour. Margaret makes great play with her hair, like all the other ladies. If she does not take to sweeping it over her lover's breast all at once, she lets it over her own shoulders "in a rich red cloud," which comes to the same thing; and notwithstanding that she tells him with beautiful frankness the story of her life, into which "the usual character — without which the drama of woman's life is incomplete — a man!" had come at an early age, poor Ludlow marries her, despite all the remonstrances of his friends. Then ensues a long and sufficiently clever description of the failure of this red-haired heroine to adapt herself to the dullness of a respectable life. It is very hard work for her, as may be supposed. When she goes to visit her dull mother-in-law at Brompton, she sees in the Row, as she passes, faces that remind her of her former history; people pass her in mail-phaeons and on high-stepping horses, while she walks, who would place both at her disposal at a word. She will not say the word; but naturally, as she pursues her walk, she loathes her own bondage more than ever; and in the evening, when she plays to her good, stupid, adoring husband, dreams come upon her of the balls of other days — of "Henri so grand in the 'Cavalier seul,' " of the "*parterre* illuminated with a thousand lamps glittering like fireflies, . . . and then the cosy little supper, the sparkling iced drink." Such sublime recollections carry her far away from the solemn quiet of Elm Lodge. And she has a baby, and hates it; and her husband loves her so much, and is so unspeakably good to her, that she grows mad with disgust and misery. And, in short, an awful crisis is visibly coming, and comes by the reappearance of the man, her first love, who, it turns out, was not her seducer, but her husband. So that the wretched creature has made a victim in cold blood of the unhappy artist — marrying him, as the villain used to marry an unsuspecting woman in the old novels, because he was a quite hopeless subject for any other treatment, and because she wanted comfort and a home! The scene in which she calmly informs Ludlow of these facts — of her utter indifference to himself and her child, her devotion to another man, and, finally, of

* 'Land at last;' 'The Forlorn Hope.'

her previous marriage—has considerable dramatic power, if it were not that the vile audacity of one party, and the feebleness of the other, take from it the interest which should belong to a death-and-life struggle. The idea is so far original that Margaret is at no period of her career a repentant Magdalene; and neither is she tempted by passion into her base and treacherous crime. She marries Ludlow in cold blood for a home, without any delusion on the subject, knowing that he is a good and innocent man, and that she is bringing him disgrace and ruin. The best touch in the book is the woman's stupid ignorance and insensibility, which leads her to imagine that she can return, as she says, to her husband, after having been the wife of another man—a delusion out of which she is speedily driven when the wretched reprobate to whom she goes back turns her away with a cruelty and insensibility equal to her own. So far this is true enough, and no attempt is made to clothe vice in an attractive form; but yet it is undeniable that the author throughout gives to his red-haired woman a lofty superiority over all the good people in his book. She—with the rich red cloud over her shoulders, her silence, her abstraction, the secret contrasts she is making in her own mind between the respectable suburban life and that of the illuminated *parterres* and iced-drinks of her former state of being, and the profound disgust which fills her—is evidently, in Mr. Yates's eyes, a creature much above the level of those dull women whose talk is of babies. She sails about among them in sullen state, and he feels that she is a banished angel—a creature of a higher sphere. Her disgraceful and abominable secret, though of course he duly punishes it, still elevates her above the dull mother and gushing sister of her artist-husband. And when her real husband has disdainfully spurned her, she becomes a heroine. When she is found, she makes a little speech of self-defence, "I acknowledge my sin, and, so far as Geoffrey Ludlow is concerned, I deeply, earnestly, repent my conduct;" she says, "Have those who condemned me—and I know naturally enough I am condemned by all his friends—have those who condemned me ever known the pangs of starvation, the grim tortures of houselessness in the streets? Have they ever known what it is to have the iron of want and penury eating into their souls, and then to be offered a comfortable home and an honest man's love? If they have, I doubt very much whether they would have re-

fused it." And she makes an edifying end, watched and counselled and cared for by the model of womanly virtue, who all this time has been saving up for poor Ludlow. Such is the story. It is a little departure from the established type of the golden-haired sorceress, and the author does not try to soften her guilt by any touches of sentiment; but still it is clear that he feels her to be a superior woman. He may praise his other personages in words, who are contented people, making the best of their lives; but Margaret, who makes the worst of it, and to whom respectability is intolerable, and who dreams of cosy suppers and iced drinks, is evidently, though he says he disapproves of her, fashioned after a much higher ideal. Mr. Yates goes into her ways and thoughts in detail, while he contents himself with weak plaudits of "Geoff, dear old Geoff," from all the painter's surroundings. To his taste it is evident that the wickedness of the woman, her heartlessness and self-indulgence, and utter blindness to everybody's feelings but her own, render her profoundly interesting; and his good women are very dull shadows by her side. We do not forget that years ago this used to be the reproach addressed to Mr. Thackeray, and that the cleverness of Becky and the silliness of Amelia were very favourite objects of reprobation to virtuous critics. But Thackeray did not dwell upon Becky solely because she was wicked. She was infinitely clever, amusing, and full of variety. The fun in her surmounted the depravity. But at the present day this is no longer the case. There is no sort of fun, no attraction of any sort, about such heroines as the Margaret in 'Land at Last.' Their interest is entirely factitious, and founded solely upon their wickedness. The creature is a loathsome cheat and impostor, and therefore she is worthy of being drawn at full length, and presented to us in all the convolutions of her stupid and selfish nature. Such seems to be the view of fiction adopted even by such a writer (greatly above the ordinary sensational average) as Mr. Yates, to whom, by the way, artists in general are little indebted for the flippancy and coarseness of the picture he gives of them. Beer and pipes are not refined accessories certainly, but yet their presence on the scene scarcely necessitates the production of Charley Potts as the representative painter. It is not complimentary to English art.

Another book by the same author—whose productive powers fill us with awe and wonder—is the 'Forlorn Hope;' in

which the story turns upon the forlorn and hopeless passion of a doctor, already married, for a fair young patient, who returns his love. The doctor's wife, in a fit of tragic but only too clear-sighted jealousy, poisons herself, and leaves him free; but the poor, pretty, consumptive Madeline, who is the object of his love, marries somebody else just at the moment when her physician is beginning to permit himself to think of approaching her, and henceforward can only purchase a little intercourse with her hopeless lover by falling very ill and dying in his hands. Now it goes utterly against all social morality to introduce lovemaking between a doctor and his patient. There are even hard-hearted critics who have objected to the idyll of melancholy passion as set forth in the pure and pensive pages of 'Doctor Antonio,' notwithstanding that the scene is Italy, and the story as spotless as imagination could conceive. Doctors and patients have no right to fall in love with each other; it goes in the face of all the proprieties and expediences of life. A young physician may, it is true, be permitted to appreciate the beauty and excellence of the sweet nurse in a sickroom, who ministers along with him to the sick mother or father or brother; but when she herself becomes his patient, a wall of brass rises between them. Yet Mr. Yates's sympathies evidently go with the physician, and it appears only natural to him that the golden-haired patient (pale gold in this case, which is angelic — not red gold, which is of the demons) should quite obliterate in Dr. Wilmot's mind the reserved and dark-complexioned wife who waits for him at home. This poor woman does not right herself even by suicide. The facts of the case give her husband, when he finds them out, a great shock; but not so great a shock as does the marriage of the delicate Madeline, who, angel of purity as she is, evidently feels it quite legitimate on her part to recall her medical lover, and enact little scenes of despairing love on her deathbed, and die happy in his arms, with a sweet indifference to the fact of her husband's existence. It is no doubt very melancholy that people should obstinately persist in marrying the wrong person, as indeed is visible in real life as well as in novels; but how far it is expedient to call in the right man, whom you have not married, as your medical attendant, may, we think, be questioned. The suggestion is not a pleasant one.

As Miss Thomas has been mentioned in the beginning of this paper, we may say, in justice to her, that she has freed herself to

some extent from the traditions of her school. Her two last books* are neither immoral (to speak of), nor *horsey*, which is akin to immoral. They are very frothy, and deal with a world which is not the ordinary world around us — a world where there is either very gorgeous upholstery or very shabby meanness, and no medium between them; but still the books are not nasty. 'Played Out' in fact, is not a bad story. The little heroine Kate is very tiresome in her changeableness, but still she is a well-known character, whom we have met so often that we feel a certain interest in her, and indignation at the amazingly senseless way in which her prospects are thrown away. The device by which this is accomplished is one which is becoming about as general as the golden hair. It is used in both Miss Thomas's books — in 'Cometh up as a Flower' — in a lively and clever novel called 'Archie Lovell,' which is a little earlier in date — and no doubt in a host of others if we could but remember. It is a device not very creditable either to the invention or the good taste which suggested it. In all these books the heroines are made to spend a night accidentally in the society of a man with whom they have been known to flirt. It is done in the purest innocence, and in that curious fortuitous way with which things happen only in novels. Chance alone on both sides brings it about, but yet it becomes known, and the consequences are generally disastrous. Kate Lethbridge, for instance, in 'Played Out' is persuaded to step into a railway carriage in which her friend is going off to London, and which is supposed to wait ten minutes at a little country station, to enable him to spend these ten minutes pleasantly. And the moment she has entered it the train sweeps away, and the young lady's reputation is ruined for life. This expedient, it must be allowed, is a very poor one; and it is a curious sign of the absence of all real inventive power in this kind of literature, that it should be so often employed. In 'Called to Account,' Miss Thomas enters upon the less safe ground of married life, and displays to us, among a number of "grandly-simple" beauties, with the usual sublime attribute of golden locks, a scanty-haired pale-coloured woman, who makes mischief and destroys domestic peace, yet turns out very good at the end, and goes into the Sister of Mercy business with much applause on all hands. Here, too, an unhappy pair are condemned to rouse everybody's suspicion, and to risk

* 'Played Out'; 'Called to Account.'

their character by being shut up together in a cave for some twenty-four hours or so, though happily, as they are all but killed by the experience, scandal is silenced. Certain curious symptoms of the kind of culture prevalent in the region to which this class of literature belongs, are, however, to be gleaned out of these books—a real contribution to our knowledge of our species. The first of these gives us a sketch of the favourite literature of the hero, who is, like so many heroes, a man of letters publishing novels in magazines, and otherwise contributing to the instruction of the public. He is, besides, a clerk in a government office, a university man, and has suddenly and unexpectedly become heir to a fine estate. We are told to glance round his sitting-room in his absence, with the view of throwing light upon his tastes and pursuits—and this is what we find:—

“The recesses on either side of the fire-place were occupied with broad shelves, and these were filled with books—original editions, most of them, of the standard modern novelists. An independent oak book-stand, placed within reach of the one arm-chair in the room, might be supposed to contain the more special favourites of that room's occupant, and there Fielding and Smollett, Wycherly and Ben Jonson, Spenser and Sidney, Bon Gaultier, Bacon, Addison, Ingoldsby, and a host of other wits, poets, essayists, dramatists, humorists, and scholars, stood in amicable array.”

Our readers will admire the admirable conjunction of names herein assembled, and the charming way in which they relieve and heighten each the effect of the other. Bacon and Addison leashed together, and marching between Bon Gaultier and Ingoldsby, is a true stroke of genius; and there can be no doubt that a very peculiar light is thrown upon the “tastes and pursuits, if not on the character of my hero,” by the fact that his shelves are filled with the standard modern novelists in the “original editions.” It is intelligible that people who read nothing but standard modern novelists should produce such books as those which are now under review. The second passage we shall quote is also a description of a room—a room which the hero—again a literary man—of ‘Called to Account,’ thinks so perfect, that he never tires of raving about the exquisite taste which has arranged it. It must have been done by “a woman of genius essentially human,” he says. We do not go into the paraphernalia of silver lamps, “shallow silver urns, classical in design and execution,” and reflected

in “immense sheets of plate-glass,” but go on to its more purely artistic features:—

“On either side of these glasses were niches (oval-shaped at the top in the wall, which was coloured a faint warm cream-colour) containing marble statuettes about two feet high. Venus and Hercules, Apollo and Diana, were chosen as the respective types of beauty and strength. . . . In one recess by the side of the fire-place, a small semi oblique piano stood, with a pile of loosely arranged music on it. In the corresponding recess there was a ruby velvet shrine, composed of a pedestal and curtains for the glorious goddess, who is grander and more perfect in her mutilated beauty than anything else the world has seen in marble, a nearly life-size copy of ‘Our Lady of Milo.’ . . . And pictured suggestions of the past and the future were not wanting; for Raphael and the Fornarina, Dante and his Beatrice, and a Madonna with the warm soft beauty of a moon-beam, all looked upon one from the walls.”

This amazing combination strikes the poet-hero as half divine. Very likely Miss Thomas imagines that the relation of the Fornarina to Raphael, and that of Beatrice to Dante, were identical; and that it is very fine and classical to talk of the Venus as Our Lady of Milo. Such wonderful exhibitions of the uneducated intelligence which has caught up a name here and there, and is bold enough to think it knows what they mean, are very astonishing. Truly, a little learning is a dangerous thing.

We have gone as far as human patience can go in our survey, and leave off with the certainty that we have left a great deal that is more objectionable still untouched. In one novel, which we do not attempt to notice here, but which lately passed through our hands,* we remember that the chief interest turns on the heroine's discussion with herself as to whether or not she will become the mistress of a very fascinating man she happens to be brought in contact with. Her decision eventually is on the side of virtue, but she takes the whole question into consideration with the most frank impartiality. In another † the central point is a certain secret passage leading from the chamber of the profligate master of a house into a room occupied by an old general and his charming young wife—a passage which the villain uses once too often, finding himself at last in presence of the insulted husband. But it is needless to multiply instances. It would be a task beyond our

* ‘Which shall it be?’ † ‘Guy Deverell.’

powers to enter into all the varieties of immorality which the novelists of the day have ingeniously woven into their stories. In these matters the man who writes is at once more and less bold than the woman; he may venture on positive criminality to give piquancy to his details, but it is the female novelist who speaks the most plainly, and whose best characters revel in a kind of innocent indecency, as does the heroine of 'Cometh up as a Flower.' Not that the indecency is always innocent; but there are cases in which it would seem the mere utterance of a certain foolish daring—an ignorance which longs to look knowing—a kind of immodest and indelicate innocence which likes to play with impurity. This is the most dismal feature among all these disagreeable phenomena. Nasty thoughts, ugly suggestions, an imagination which prefers the unclean, is almost more appalling than the facts of actual depravity, because it has no excuse of sudden passion or temptation, and no visible boundary. It is a shame to women so to write; and it is a shame to the women who read and accept as a true representation of themselves and their ways the equivocal talk and fleshly inclinations herein attributed to them. Their patronage of such books is in reality an adoption and acceptance of them. It may be done in carelessness, it may be done in that mere desire for something startling which the monotony of ordinary life is apt to produce; but it is debasing to everybody concerned. Women's rights and women's duties have had enough discussion, perhaps even from the ridiculous point of view. We have most of us made merry over Mr. Mill's crotchet on the subject, and over the Dr. Marys and Dr. Elizabeths; but yet a woman has one duty of invaluable importance to her country and her race which cannot be over-estimated—and that is the duty of being pure. There is perhaps nothing of such vital consequence to a nation. Our female critics are fond of making demonstrations of indignation over the different punishment given by the world to the sin of man and that of woman in this respect. But all philosophy notwithstanding, and leaving the religious question untouched, there can be no possible doubt that the wickedness of man is less ruinous, less disastrous to the world in general, than the wickedness of woman. That is the climax of all misfortunes to the race. One of our cleverest journals took occasion the other day to point out the resemblance of certain superficial fashions among ourselves to the fashions prevalent among Roman wo-

men at the time of Rome's downfall. The comparison, no doubt, has been made again and again, and yet society has not become utterly depraved. But yet it has come to have many very unlovely, very unpromising features in it. We are no preacher to call English ladies to account, and we have no tragical message to deliver, even had we the necessary pulpit to do it in; but it certainly would be well if they would put a stop to nasty novels. It would be well for literature, well for the tone of society, and well for the young people who are growing up used to this kind of reading. Considering how low the tone of literary excellence is, and how little power of exciting interest exists after all in these equivocal productions, the sacrifice would not seem a great one.

It is good to turn aside from these feverish productions—and we think it right to make as distinct a separation as the printer's skill can indicate between the lower and the higher ground in fiction—to the better fare which is still set before us. Though they seem to flourish side by side, and though the public, according to such evidence as can be obtained on the subject, seems to throw itself with more apparent eagerness upon the hectic than upon the wholesome, still we cannot but hope that Mr. Anthony Trollope* has in reality a larger mass of readers than Miss Braddon, and we are very sure no sensational romancist of her school goes half so near the general heart as does the author of the 'Village on the Cliff.' There are still the seven thousand men in Israel who have not bent the knee to Baal, notwithstanding that mournful prophets in all ages will persist in thinking themselves alone faithful. Mr. Trollope writes too much to be always at his best. He has exhausted too many of the devices of fiction to be able to find always an original suggestion for his plot; but there is nobody living who has added so many pleasant people to our acquaintance, or given us so many neighbourly interests out of our own immediate circle. We are disposed to protest against the uncomfortable vacillation between two lovers which has been for some time past his favourite topic; but we do so only in the most friendly, and, indeed, affectionate way. High-pitched constancy is no doubt rare nowadays. On the one hand, it is by no means always a matter of certainty that the woman a man has been accepted by, or the

* 'The Claverings'; 'Last Chronicle of Barset.'

man whom the woman accepts, are beyond dispute the best and most suitable for them. Friends of persons about to be married are on all hands agreed on that point. And, on the other side, we agree with Mr. Trollope that, as a matter of amusement, love-making is decidedly superior to either croquet or cricket. But the fact remains, that the man and the woman who, without very grave cause, change their minds in this important matter, are seldom satisfactory people. Harry Clavering, though not a bad fellow in the main, looks very foolish when his first love and his second love are squabbling over him — or at least, if not squabbling, mutually determining to resign, and sacrifice themselves to his happiness. It is not an elevated position for a man. The reader feels slightly ashamed of him when he has to tell his tale, and submit to everybody's comment, and realise that the part he has played has been a very poor one. We can forgive our hero for making a tragic mistake which ruins or compromises him fatally, or we can forgive him for the most stupid blunder in any other branch of his affairs; but a blunder which necessitates the intervention of three or four women in his love-making, and which is really arranged by them, he himself being very secondary in the matter, is humiliating, and goes against the very character of a hero. It seems to be Mr. Trollope's idea that, so long as he is faithful to her, a woman can see no blemish in a man whom she has once loved. But we fear this is far from being the fact. On the contrary, we should have been inclined to suppose that Florence Burton not only would never have been able to banish from her mind a certain (carefully suppressed, no doubt) contempt for her fickle lover, but that she would have indulged in a sound, reasonable, womanly hatred ever after, for all the kind intercessors who came between them. Women are neither so passive nor so grateful as they are made out to be; and a man's disdain for the girl who, "having known *me* could decline" upon the lower heart and lower brain, is perhaps a few degrees less profound than the woman's contempt for the actor in a similar defalcation. It was mean of Florence Burton to have him again after he had forsaken her, and unspeakably mean of him to consent to the re-transfer, and to be happy ever after. The only person whom we have any sympathy with in the matter is the poor, faulty beauty, Julia, who was so dreadfully wrong in other respects, but yet not to blame in this. Here, however, is the vast difference between such a work as even

the faultiest and least satisfactory of Mr. Trollope's and the best of the infelicitous school Deep, tragic passion is not in them, although they are chiefly about love-making, and their perplexities and troubles and complications of plot all centre in this one subject. But the atmosphere is the purest English daylight: none of those fair women, none of those clean, honourable, unexalted English gentlemen, have any terrible secrets in their past that cannot bear the light of day. There may be unpleasant talk at their clubs, and they may make no exhibition of horror — but they don't mix it up with their history, or bring it into their intercourse with their friends. Now and then a woman among them may make a mercenary marriage, or a man among them be led into a breach of constancy; but they live like the most of us, exempt from gross temptation, and relying upon human natural incidents, contrariety of circumstances, failure of fortune, perversity of heart, for the plan of their romance. On this level we miss the primitive passions; but we get all those infinite shades of character which make society in fact, as well as society in a book, amusing and interesting. In Mr. Trollope's books, there are no women who throw their glorious hair over the breast of any chance companion; indeed, the red-haired young woman, exuberant in flesh and blood, and panting for sensation, is unknown in them. So great a difference does it make when you step out of the lower into the higher world. In short, here is a novelist to whom the colour of a woman's hair is not of first importance. Lily Dale, for instance, gives us no clue as to this important point; perhaps it is mentioned — we do not remember — at all events it is no way written upon her character. Our own impression is, that it must have been a kind of soft brown, a subdued sort of framework for her refined head, not any blazing panoply. But anyhow her author is indifferent on the subject. To him her hair is clearly a secondary matter. He takes, strange to say, a great deal more trouble to show us what was passing through her mind. And it is true that he does reveal this with an amount of variety which has pointed many a gentle joke against him. His knowledge of the thoughts that go through a girl's mind when she is in the full tide of her individual romance is almost uncanny in its minuteness. How did he find it all out? What tricky spirit laid all those secrets open to him? But, wonderful as his insight is into their ways and works, there is one thing for which Mr. Trollope deserves our real gratitude. It is not he

who makes us ashamed of our girls. He gives us their thoughts in detail, and adds a hundred little touches which we recognise as absolute truth; but we like the young women all the better, not the worse, for his intuitions. They are like the honest English girls we know; and we cannot be sufficiently grateful to him for freeing us, so long as we are under his guidance, from that disgusting witch with her red or amber hair.

Yet would we chide our beloved novelist for his 'Last Chronicle.' We did not ask that this chronicle should be the last. We were in no hurry to be done with our old friends. And there are certain things which he has done without consulting us against which we greatly demur. To kill Mrs. Proudie was murder, or manslaughter at the least. We do not believe she had any disease of the heart; she died not by natural causes, but by his hand in a fit of weariness or passion. When we were thinking no evil, lo! some sudden disgust seized him, and he slew her at a blow. The crime was so uncalled for, that we not only shudder at it, but resent it. It was cruel to us; and it rather — looks — as — if — he did not know how to get through the crisis in a more natural way. Then as to Lily Dale. Mr. Trollope's readers have been cheated about this young woman. It is a wilful abandonment of all her natural responsibilities when such a girl writes Old Maid after her name. She has no business to do it; and what is the good of being an author, we should like to know, if a man cannot provide more satisfactorily for his favourite characters? Lily will not like it when she has tried it a little longer. She will find the small house dull, and will miss her natural career; and if she should take to social science or philosophy, whose fault will it be but Mr. Trollope's? On the other hand, though he has thus wounded us in our tenderest feelings, our author has in this book struck a higher note than he has yet attempted. We do not know, in all the varied range of his productions, of any bit of character-painting so profound and so tragic as that of Mr. Crawley. Though there are scenes in 'Orley Farm' which approach it in intensity of interest, Lady Mason is not to be compared with the incumbent of Hogglestock. He is exasperating to the last degree — almost as exasperating to the reader as he must have been to his poor wife; and yet there is a grandeur about the half-crazed, wildered man — a mingled simplicity and subtlety in the conception — to which we cannot easily find a parallel in fiction. He has all the curious consistency

and inconsistency of a real personage; we feel inclined to laugh and cry and storm at him all in a breath. His obstinate perversity — his sham sentiments and his true, which mingle together in an inextricable way as they do in nature, not as they generally do in art — his despair and confusion of mind, and quaint arrogance and exaggerated humility — make up a wonderfully perfect picture. The cunning of the craftsman here reaches to so high a point that it becomes a kind of inspiration. There is no high tone of colour, or garish light, to give fictitious importance to the portrait. Every tint is laid on, and every line made, with an entire harmony and subordination of detail which belongs to the most perfect art. Mr. Trollope's power of pleasing is so great, and his facility of execution so unbounded, that he is seduced into giving us a great many sketches which will not bear close examination. But so long as he continues to vindicate his own powers by such an occasional inspiration as this, we can afford to forgive him a great many Alice Vavasours and Harry Claverings.

The household at Plumstead, in its way, is almost as good. The Archdeacon's fierce wrath against his son, who is going to marry against his will — his suspicion of everybody conspiring against him to bring this about, and at the same time his instant subjugation by pretty Grace, and rash adoption of her on the spot — is altogether charming. Mr. Trollope is about the only writer we know (with, perhaps, one or two exceptions) who realises the position of a sensible and right-minded woman among the ordinary affairs of the world. Mrs. Grantley's perception at once of her husband's character and his mistakes — her careful abstinence from active interference — her certainty to come in right at the end — her half-amused, half-troubled spectatorship, in short, of all the annoyances her men-kind make for themselves, her consciousness of the futility of all decided attempts to set them right, and patient waiting upon the superior logic of events, is one of those "bits" which may scarcely call the attention of the careless reader, and yet is a perfect triumph of profound and delicate observation. As for old Mr. Harding, our grief for his loss is yet too fresh to permit us to speak of him. We should like to go to Barchester, and see his stall in the cathedral, and hear his favourite anthems, and linger a little by his grave. Honour to the writer who, amid so much that is false and vile and meretricious in current literature, beautifies our world and our imagination with such creations as these!

We might say the same thing in a different sense of the 'Village on the Cliff,' though in it there are no striking developments of character or distinct creation. No painter for a long time has given such a sweet bit of colour—a picture so full of light and atmosphere and harmonious brightness—to the world. It is sweeter and more perfect than the 'Story of Elizabeth,' bright and glowing as that was. There is not a colourless corner on the canvas, not a bit of careless shade in the whole picture. The grass is green and the water blue, and the sun shines as if he meant it, and the shadows themselves are rich with all the innumerable neutral tints of nature. The story is a simple one enough. There is a young Englishman, a young painter, mildly Bohemian, yet fond of everything that is fair and orderly, who loves a Norman maiden, half-lady half-peasant, metaphorically called Reine, and who is loved by, without knowing or having done anything to bring it about, a certain sweet, little, bright-eyed governess, one of the Catherinees of the book. But everybody knows the story, and the story is little in comparison with the manner of its telling, and the series of pictures which compose it. The reader feels, indeed, that it is rather a picture than a book. What could be more perfect, for instance, than the following sketch?—

"Five o'clock on a fine Sunday—western light streaming along the shore, low cliffs stretching away on either side with tufted grasses and thin straggling flowers growing from the loose arid soil—far-away promontories, flashing and distant shores which the tides have not yet overlapped, all shining in the sun. The waves swell steadily inwards, the foam sparkles where the ripples meet the sands.

"The horizon is solemn dark blue, but a great streak of light crosses the sea; three white sails gleam, so do the white caps of the peasant women, and the wings of the sea-gulls as they go swimming through the air.

"Holiday people are out in their Sunday clothes. They go strolling along the shore, or bathing and screaming to each other in the water. The countrymen wear their blue smocks of a darker blue than the sea, and they walk by their wives and sisters in their gay-coloured Sunday petticoats. A priest goes by; a grand lady, in frills, yellow shoes, red jacket, fly-away hat, and a cane. Her husband is also in scarlet and yellow. Then come more women and Normandy caps flapping, gossiping together, and baskets, and babies, and huge umbrellas.

... The country folks meet, greet each other cheerfully, and part with signs and jokes; the bathers go on shouting and beating the water; the lights dance. In the distance, across the sands, you see the figures walking leisurely

homewards before the tide overtakes them. The sky gleams whiter and whiter at the horizon, and bluer and more blue behind the arid grasses that fringe the over-hanging edges of the cliffs."

This we quote, not because it is the best of the continually recurring vignettes, but simply because it is of quotable length, and can be detached from the context. The description of Dick Butler's studio at Chelsea, where he gives his pretty cousins and their little brothers and sisters and the governess tea, is more perfect still. The chateau of Tracy itself, and Reine's farm, and Monsieur Fontaine's chalet, are all drawn with the same vivid and bright reality; we walk about among them, and feel the grass cool under our feet, and the fragrance of the flowers. There is a delicate art in all this which conveys a quite separate and characteristic kind of pleasure. The story is pleasant, the characters true to nature, but the style is simply exquisite. The reader lingers over it as over a picture; the gleams of sweet colour move and change about, and flash out upon him; the lights are lighted, the dews fall, he knows where the poppies are growing in the fields, and how the boats lie on the beach, and is familiar with the reflections that shine out of all the bright surfaces in the Norman farm-kitchen. The picture is so fine, so delicate and clear, that it moves him with that curious delight in itself which only things perfect produce.

But for our own part we are inclined to doubt whether Dick and Reine would be very happy together. Looking at things in a vulgar and commonplace way, we are not sure that it would not have been better for him to marry Catherine. The young Norman is very charming, but her temper might get a little troublesome, especially if the Eaton Square people snubbed her, as no doubt they would endeavour to do. One feels there is a certain cruelty in adding the one word of criticism which rises to our lips in reference to so soft and sweet a creature as this same little Catherine. Nothing has ever been more daintily, more delicately done than the revelation of her feelings when she was the kindly-treated yet solitary governess among all those cheerful Butlers. In this and in 'Elizabeth,' and in those charming little fairy tales which we believe we owe to the same pen, the wistful little maiden in the shade, with her modest longings for happiness, her pensive consciousness of being alone, her surprised, sad, unenvying sense of contrast.

when everything bright goes to the other, and all that is dim and darksome comes to herself, is set forth with a grace and tender feeling which we would be brutes not to appreciate. The strain is exquisite, but it is a monotone. No doubt there are pangs of pain in the young creature's lot which are as keen as anything which ever befalls the heart; but still we all know that the time might come when even Catherine should look back and sigh for the days *quand j'étais jeune et souffrais tant*. The story of those youthful troubles is very sweet; but there are other troubles in the world, and other kinds of experience worth the study. We do not blame—we only suggest. The author of the 'Village on the Cliff' has too much real power to confine herself to one string. The harp has many strings, and there is music in them all.

We had hoped to have found room in this paper for some words of comment upon the works of Mr. Charles Reade, who has gradually become one of the greatest artists in the realm of fiction; but we have already exceeded reasonable limits, and we will not do that powerful romancist so much wrong as to bring him in at the end. His power is of the kind which will always seem coarse to a certain class of minds unable to discriminate; for he is very apt to call a spade a spade; and among the minikin performances of the day, his strong and genuine mastery over human characters and passions shows out with a force of outline which may possibly, in some cases, look exaggerated. We will, if the fates are propitious, return on another occasion to the works of a writer to whom we are disposed to assign one of the highest places in his art.

And we cannot but add, by way of conclusion to our sermon, that though we have much to lament, we have something too to congratulate ourselves upon in the present condition of English fiction. The objectionable writers are all second-rate; genius there is none among them, and not much even of anything that can be called real talent. It is to be supposed they must be entertaining to somebody, else they would not be popular; but then we are all aware that there are a great many foolish people in the world—people, happily, too foolish to be really injured by any rubbish they may read; and all that is best and highest in fiction, honourably maintains that character for purity which has been won by the English school of novels. This ought to be a consolation to everybody concerned; and,

in the mean time, we can but trust that the tide may turn—that even foolish and vulgar readers may get tired of foolish books, and that the respectable name of Mr. Mudie may no longer be made the means of introducing nasty sentiments and equivocal heroines to English novel-readers far and wide.

From the Spectator, Aug. 31.

WHAT NAPOLEON MEANS BY "PEACE."

THE speeches the Emperor has this week delivered at Arras and Lille, or which the *Moniteur* says he delivered there, will not greatly tend to reassure the public mind. Like the telegrams from Salzburg, the articles in the Viennese press, the angry diatribes in the Berlin papers, and the curious ebullitions of spitefulness in the semi-official journals of Paris, they all tend to one tolerably clear and very unpleasant conviction. The Emperor will not attack Germany as long as Germany remains divided. The Emperors, said the Salzburg telegrams, were perfectly in accord upon the politics of Europe, and especially upon the necessity of maintaining the Treaty of Prague. The result of the meeting, say the Viennese journalists, is favourable to peace, for the Sovereigns agreed to attack no one as long as existing arrangements are maintained. The *Debatte* even goes the length of affirming that official intimation of this decision is to be communicated to Berlin. The Berliners, on the other hand, are thoroughly roused, and talk of French dictation, and prophesy meetings between the South and North, while the French papers will have it that peace is guaranteed by a defensive alliance too powerful to be attacked. The Russian papers affirm that such an alliance would menace Europe, while Napoleon himself, the one man who clearly knows what he means, says, "It is only weak Governments which seek in foreign complications a diversion from embarrassments at home," but adds there are "black spots on the horizon, and while holding aloft the national banner we should not allow ourselves to be drawn on by tempestuous impulses, however patriotic they may be."

The drift of all this seems to us clear. Napoleon is not going of his own mere mo-

tion to attack Prussia; he is even willing to recognize, so far as his people will allow him, accomplished facts, but he proposes to make the Treaty of Prague, that is, the division of Germany, part of the public law of Europe, to ratify it if possible through a Congress—hints of which will, we believe, shortly appear—or through a well understood, though informal, menace that he will uphold the treaty with the sword. The Austrian Government coincides in this policy, and the object of both powers is first to compel Prussia to pause and reject Southern adhesions; and, secondly, to put her in the wrong before the world. She is to be represented as the attacking party, the unscrupulous and ambitious power aiming at universal dominion, which, not content with one immense aggrandizement, immediately contemplates another. As a third and smaller, but still important result, all the elements of resistance in the South, such as the Courts, the Ultramontanes, and the old officers, are to be formally advised that they can rely upon very powerful and very determined protectors, while the popular party is made to feel that a unionist policy involves great, and it may be insuperable, difficulties.

This is clearly, as Napoleon says, a policy of pacification, if Prussia will but yield, or if the Southern populations will but accept their isolated and therefore powerless position. The latter result would do just as well as the former, for it can never be Prussian interest to force Bavaria or Wurtemberg to merge themselves in the Northern Confederation against their will. Not to mention the danger of insurrection, the Prussian system of administration, which is excessively rigid, but singularly devoid of the "checks" less confident Governments find indispensable—official accounts are trusted, for example, in Prussia as they are nowhere else, not even in England—could not be worked at all by unwilling *employés*, or among a decidedly hostile German population. If, therefore, the Southern States really wish for no union, and encouraged by this new support recede from Prussia, the game is won, and French diplomacy will have gained a triumph, which may almost compensate it for its failure to anticipate Sadowa. But is such a recoil, on which the new policy mainly depends, at all likely, likely enough for politicians to count it among reasonable probabilities? It is quite conceivable that Napoleon may believe it is. He is fully aware of the deep dread which the Southern Courts entertain

of Prussia, he has had long and painful experience of the solid power still possessed by Ultramontane feeling, he perhaps overestimates the Southern dislike of the Northern exactness and rigidity of administration, and he has shown himself all his life utterly unable to reckon up the physical force of a strong popular sentiment. He could not calculate it in England, and was thunderstruck at the explosion produced by the Conspiracy Bill; he could not estimate it in America, where he, as it were, betted his crown upon Northern feebleness; and he may not, probably does not, understand it in Germany. If this is his calculation, he is, we believe, wrong; not because Bavarians or Wurttembergers are already as heavily taxed by the introduction of the Prussian Army system as they would be if they submitted to Prussia; not because they weary of their very happy, though tranquil, political life, but because great races in times of commotion are always governed by ideas, and the dominant idea of Germany is to form a great and peaceful State, too powerful to be attacked, too united to waste force in intestine divisions, able at last to live a free, and stately, and peaceful life.

This is the German dream, and the Germans will no more surrender it than the Americans will surrender theirs of the grand and peaceful republic which is to cover a continent, to be the home of oppressed mankind, and to destroy by its example every political idol with head of brass and feet of clay. They will not have to fight for their dream, when all is said, half as hard as the Americans had, and all the chatter about material interests is little to the purpose as the similar talk was in the midst of the American Civil War. Nations fight for their dreams, not for their stomachs, and the South Germans will no more consent to abandon their hope because France may overrun them, than France would sacrifice her unity because she might otherwise have to expel the Cossack. The utmost Napoleon will secure from the South by his great menace will be a momentary pause.

Will he secure more from the North? Will the half-dozen men, that is, who govern Prussia, think the willing absorption of South Germany into their empire worth a war with France and Austria combined? We think they will, for three distinct reasons. One is, that the idea draws them on just as it draws the humblest German, is as attractive to them as ever the American idea was to Mr. Lincoln or Mr. Seward.

Hohenzollern heads do not turn, but if anything could turn them it would be the idea of finishing the long struggle of two hundred years, of completing Frederick's work, by the permanent acquisition of the old Imperial crown. The second is that honour would be involved in the acceptance or rejection of such a challenge, and Continental statesmen are still essentially duellists, still ready to incur for the point of honour dangers they dislike and risks they disapprove. Prussia would be dishonoured, if when the road was open she refused to become German, through admitted fear of France. The reason of her headship would cease to be, and the great fabric erected with such patience and cemented with so much blood, would begin visibly to crumble away. And the third is, that she would not be inevitably compelled to fight France and the Austrian Empire together. It is possible to paralyze Austria altogether by alienating her German subjects till their resistance is like that of the Venetian troops at Sadowa, almost nominal. It is possible, if that cannot be done, to offer Hungary terms which would divide the Empire in two, and so leave France only in the field, and it is possible to fight Austria through Russian arms. The price to be paid would be high, but Prussia does not want Galicia for herself, and though she does want Bohemia — the Czechs *must* be Germans or corpses — the Carpathians would make a clear, a defensible, and a natural boundary to the East. With a Russian army in Galicia, Austria could do nothing except try to expel it, and the only enemy would be the one whose challenge Prussia, for her own honour, could not refuse. The time of the conflict is of course uncertain, for the South has not made up its mind, but on the day it does Prussia must accept her destiny, and Napoleon either accept a great war or confess himself before Paris a vanquished politician.

We have said nothing of England's part in the matter, which seems so greatly to afflict Continental politicians, for we do not believe it will be a great one. Lord Stanley will try, we greatly fear, to uphold the Treaty of Prague by moral force; but if he imagines that Englishmen will wage a Crimean war in order that Napoleon may seize the Rhine-land, or Bavaria remain outside Germany, he has, almost for the first time in his life, misunderstood English temper. Englishmen have had enough and to spare of allied wars, with Napoleon to make peace, and write bulletins for them and himself together.

"PAS POUR JOSEPH."

Adapted from the at present popular English lyric by L'EMPEREUR FRANZ JOSEPH, and sung by Himself to himself, with great success, during the recent Imperial Meeting at Salzburg.

*** *Ladies and Gentlemen, — Your kind indulgence is requested for the Imperial French translation of the English argot.*

N.B. The expressive dramatic business of the Chanson is, wherever it occurs, in brackets.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON I'm very glad to see

Aussi l'IMPERATRICE with smiles so charming!

And let all European Powers know that there won't be

The slightest cause for drilling or for arming.

I'm thinking all the while,

Do I mistrust his smile?

There's not a wink, a glance, a shrug, that shows if

He means to stick by me,

Or what's his real policee,

Mere talk won't wash

For FRANCIS-JOSEPH.

Lav'ra pas,

Lav'ra pas,

Non!

Pas pour JOSEPH!

We chat away the morning with our seltzer and cigar,

Our conversation light as is our claret.

We talk about the Exhibition in the *Champs de Mars*,

We've no reporter there — no paper Parrot.

He's ordered in a lot

Of powder, guns, and shot,

He hasn't told me yet, and Heaven knows if

He means to join with Russia,

Or to go to war with Prussia,

Or else to fight with

FRANCIS-JOSEPH.

Va! Allez

Vous promener

Nez! [Avec les doigts in extenso.

Pas pour JOSEPH!

We drive about, we ride about, and to the theatre go,

All which is very pleasant and amusing;

We dine, sit up to smoke and sup, returning from some show,

And talk on topics many and confusing.

And after this to bed,

Where to myself I've said,

As 'twixt the sheets I place my royal toes, "If

You think to humbug me,

On vous vous trompez, cher LOUIS."

C'ne lavera pas

Non! pas pour JOSEPH,

Lav'ra pas,

Lav'ra pas,

Non!

Pas pour JOSEPH!

— Punch

PART IX.

CHAPTER XXVI. — A DOUBLE HUMILIATION.

JACK entered the avenue that evening in a frame of mind very different from his feelings on his last recorded visit to Swayne's cottage. He had been sitting with Pamela all the evening. Mrs. Preston had retired up-stairs with her headache, and, with an amount of good sense for which Jack respected her, did not come down again; and the young fellow sat with Pamela, and the minutes flew on angels' wings. When he came away, his feelings were as different as can be conceived from those with which he marched home, resolute but rueful, after his first interview with Mrs. Preston. Pamela and her mother were two very different things — the one was duty, and had to be got through with; but the other — Jack went slowly, and took a little notice of the stars, and felt that the evening air was very sweet. He had put his hands lightly in his pockets, not thrust down with savage force to the depths of those receptacles; and there was a kind of half smile, the reflection of a smile, about his mouth. Fumes were hanging about the youth of that intoxication which is of all kinds of intoxication the most ethereal. He was softly dazzled and bewildered by a subdued sweetness in the air, and in the trees, and in the sky — something that was nothing perceptible, and yet that kept breathing round him a new influence in the air. This was the sort of way in which his evenings, perhaps, were always to be spent. It gave a different view altogether of the subject from that which was in Jack's mind on the first dawning of the new life before him. Then he had been able to realise that it would make a wonderful difference in all his plans and prospects, and even in his comforts. Now the difference looked all the other way. Yes, it would indeed be a difference! To go in every night, not to Brownlows with his father's intermitting talk and Sara's "tantrums" (this was his brotherly way of putting it), and the monotony of a grave long-established wealthy existence, but into a poor little house full of novelty and freshness, and quaint poverty, and amusing straits, and — Pamela. To be sure that last was the great point. They had been speculating about this wonderful new little house, as was natural, and she had laughed till the tears glistened in her pretty eyes at thought of all the mistakes she would make — celestial blunders, which even to Jack, sensible as he was, looked (to-night) as if they must be pleasanter and better and every way more fitting than the wisest actions of the other people. In this kind of sweet insanity the young fellow had left his little love. Life somehow seemed to have taken a different aspect to him since that other evening. No doubt it was a serious business; but then when there are two young creatures, you understand, setting out together, and a hundred chances before them, such as nobody could divine — one to help the other if

either should stumble and two to laugh over everything, and a hundred devices to be contrived, and Crusoe-like experiments in the art of living, and droll little mishaps, and a perpetual sweet variety — the prospect changes. This is why there had come, in the starlight, a sort of reflection of a smile upon Jack's mouth. It was, on the whole, so very considerate and sensible of Mrs. Preston to have that headache, and stay up-stairs. And Pamela, altogether apart from the fact that she was Pamela, was such charming company — so fresh, so quick, so ready to take up anything that looked like fun, so full of pleasant changes, catching the light upon her at so many points. This bright, rippling, sparkling, limpid stream was to go singing through all his life. He was thinking of this when he suddenly saw the shadow under the chestnuts, and found that his father had come out to meet him. It was rather a startling interruption to so pleasant a dream.

Jack was very much taken aback, but he did not lose his self-possession; he made a brave attempt to stave off all discussion, and make the encounter appear the most natural thing in the world, as was the instinct of a man up to the requirements of his century. "It's a lovely night," said Jack; "I don't wonder you came out, I've been myself — for a walk. It does a fellow more good than sitting shut up in these stuffy rooms all night."

Now the fact was Jack had been shut up in a very stuffy room, a room smaller than the smallest chamber into which he had ever entered at Brownlows; but there are matters, it is well known, in which young men do not feel themselves bound by the strict limits of fact.

"I was not thinking about the night," said Mr. Brownlow; "there are times when a man is glad to move about to keep troublesome things out of his mind; but luckily you don't know much about that."

"I know as much about it as most people, I suppose, sir," said Jack, with a little natural indignation; "but I hope there is nothing particular to put you out — that Wardell case?"

"I was not thinking of the Wardell case either," said Mr. Brownlow, with an impatient momentary smile: "I fear my clients' miseries don't impress me so much as they ought to do. I was thinking of things nearer home."

Upon which there was a moment's pause. If Jack had followed his first impulse, he would have asked, with a little defiance, if it was anything in his conduct to which his father particularly objected. But he was prudent, and refrained; and they took a few steps on together in silence towards the house, which shone in front of them with all its friendly lights.

"No," said Mr. Brownlow, in that reflective way that men think it competent and proper to use when their interlocutor is young, and cannot by any means deny the fact. "You don't know much about it; the hardest thing that ever came in your way was to persuade yourself to give up a personal indulgence; and even that you have not always done. You

don't understand what *care* means. How should you? Youth is never really occupied with anything but itself."

"You speak very positively, sir," said Jack, affronted. "I suppose it's no use for a man in that selfish condition to say a word in his own defence."

"I don't know that it's selfish—it's natural," said Mr. Brownlow; and then he sighed. "Jack, I have something to say to you. We had a talk on a serious subject some time ago."

"Yes," said Jack. He saw now what was coming, and set himself to face it. He thrust his hands deep down into his pockets, and set up his shoulders to his ears, which was a good warning, had Mr. Brownlow perceived it, that come right or wrong, come rhyme or reason, this rock should fly from its firm base as soon as Jack would—and that any remonstrance on the subject was purely futile. But Mr. Brownlow did not perceive.

"I thought you had been convinced," his father continued. "It might be folly on my part to think any sort of reason would induce a young fellow, brought up as you have been, to forego his pleasure; but I suppose I had a prejudice in favour of my own son, and I thought you saw it in the right point of view. I hear from Sara to-night."

"I should like to know what Sara has to do with it," said Jack, with an explosion of indignation. "Of course, sir, all you may have to say on this or any other subject I am bound to listen to with respect; but as for Sara and her interference."

"Don't be a fool, Jack," said Mr. Brownlow sharply. "Sara has told me nothing that I could not have found out for myself. I warned you; but it does not appear to have been of any use; and now I have a word more to say. Look here. I take an interest in this little girl at the gate. There is something in her face that reminds me—but never mind that. I feel sure she's a good girl, and I won't have her harmed. Understand me once for all. You may think it a small matter enough, but it's not a small matter. I won't have that child harmed. If she should come to evil through you, you shall have me to answer to. It is not only her poor mother or any poor friend she may have."

"Sir," cried Jack, boiling over, "do you know you are insulting me?"

"Listen to what I am saying," said his father. "Don't answer. I am in earnest. She is an innocent child, and I won't have her harmed. If you can't keep away from her, have the honesty to tell me so, and I'll find means to get you away. Good Lord, sir! is every instinct of manhood so dead in you that you cannot overcome a vicious inclination, though it should ruin that poor innocent child?"

A perfect flood of fury and resentment swept through Jack's mind; but he was not going to be angry and lose his advantage. He was white with suppressed passion; but his voice

did not swell with anger as his father's had done. It was thus his self-possession that carried the day.

"When you have done, sir," he said, taking off his hat with a quietness which cost him an immense effort, "perhaps you will hear what I have got to say."

Mr. Brownlow for the moment had lost his temper, which was very foolish. Probably it was because other things too were going wrong, and his sense of justice did not permit him to avenge their contrariety upon the purely innocent. Now Jack was not purely innocent, and here was an outlet. And then he had been walking about in the avenue for more than an hour waiting, and was naturally sick of it. And, finally, having lost his own temper, he was furious with Jack for not losing his.

"Speak out, sir," he cried; "I have done. Not that your speaking can make much difference. I repeat, if you hurt a hair of that child's head"—

"I will thank you to speak of her in a different way," said Jack, losing patience also. "You may think me a villain if you please; but how dare you venture to suppose that I could bring her to harm? Is *she* nobody? is that all you think of her? By Jove! the young lady you are speaking of, without knowing her," said Jack, suddenly stopping himself, staring at his father with calm fury, and speaking with deadly emphasis, "is going to be—my wife."

Mr. Brownlow was so utterly confounded that he stood still and stared in his turn at his audacious son. He gave a start as if some one had shot him; and then he stood speechless and stared, wondering blankly if some transformation had occurred, or if this was actually Jack that stood before him. It ought to have been a relief to his mind—no doubt if he had been as good a man as he ought to have been, he would have gone down on his knees, and given thanks that his son's intentions were so virtuous; but in the mean time amaze swallowed up every other sentiment. "Your wife!" he said, with the utmost wonder which the human voice is capable of expressing in his voice. The wildest effort of imagination could never have brought him to such an idea—Jack's wife! His consternation was such that it took the strength out of him. He could not have said a word more had it been to save his life. If any one had pushed rudely against him, he might have dropped on the ground in the weakness of his amaze. "You might have knocked him down with a feather," was the description old Betty would have given; and she would have been right.

"Yes," said Jack, with a certain magnificence; "and as for my power, or any man's power, of *harming*—her. By Jove!—though of course you didn't know."

This he said magnanimously, being not without pity for the utter downfall which had overtaken his father. Their positions, in fact, had totally changed. It was Mr. Brownlow who was struck dumb. Instead of carrying things

with a high hand as he had begun to do, it was he who was reduced into the false position. And Jack was on the whole sorry for his father. He took his hands out of the depths of his pockets, and put down his shoulders into their natural position. And he was willing "to let down easy," as he himself expressed it, the unlucky father who had made such an astounding mistake.

As for Mr. Brownlow, it took him some time to recover himself. It was not quite easy to realise the position, especially after the warm, not to say violent, way in which he had been beguiled into taking Pamela's part. He had meant every word of what he said. Her sweet little face had attracted him more than he knew how to explain; it had reminded him, he could not exactly tell of what, of something that belonged to his youth and made his heart soft. And the thought of pain or shame coming to her through his son had been very bitter to him. But he was not quite ready all the same to say, Bless you, my children. Such a notion, indeed, had never occurred to him. Mr. Brownlow had never for a moment supposed that his son Jack, the wise and prudent, could have been led to entertain such an idea; and he was so much startled that he did not know what to think. After the first pause of amazement, he had gone on again slowly, feeling as if by walking on some kind of mental progress might also be practicable; and Jack had accompanied him in a slightly jaunty, magnanimous, and forgiving way. Indeed, circumstances altogether had conspired, as it were, in Jack's favour. He could not have hoped for so good an opportunity of telling his story—an opportunity which not only took all that was formidable from the disclosure, but actually presented it in the character of a relief and standing evidence of unthought-of virtue. And Jack was so simple-minded in the midst of his wisdom that it seemed to him as if his father's anticipated opposition were summarily disposed of, to be heard of no more—a thing which he did not quite know whether to be sorry for or glad.

Perhaps it staggered him a little in this idea when Mr. Brownlow, after going on, very slowly and thoughtfully, almost to the very door of the house, turned back again, and began to retrace his steps, still as gravely and quietly as ever. Then a certain thrill of anticipation came over Jack. One fytte was ended, but another was for to say. Feeling had been running very high between them when they last spoke; now there was a certain hushed tone about the talk, as if a cloud had suddenly rolled over them. Mr. Brownlow spoke, but he did not look at Jack, nor even look up, but went on moodily, with his eyes fixed on the ground, now and then stopping to kick away a little stone among the gravel, a pause which became almost tragic by repetition. "Is it long since this happened?" he said, speaking in a very subdued tone of voice.

"No," said Jack, feeling once more the high

colour rushing up into his face, though in the darkness there was nobody who could see—"no, only a few days."

"And you said your wife," Mr. Brownlow added—"your wife. Whom does she belong to? People don't go so far without knowing a few preliminaries, I suppose?"

"I don't know who she belongs to, except her mother," said Jack, growing very hot; and then he added on the spur of the moment, "I daresay you think it's not very wise—I don't pretend it's wise—I never supposed it was; but as for the difficulties, I am ready to face them. I don't see that I can say any more."

"I did not express any opinion," said Mr. Brownlow coldly; "no—I don't suppose wisdom has very much to do with it. But I should like to understand. Do you mean to say that every thing is settled? or do you only speak in hope?"

"Yes, it is quite settled," said Jack: in spite of himself, this cold questioning had made a difference even in the sound of his voice. It all came before him again in its darker colours. The light seemed to steal out of the prospect before him moment by moment. His face burned in the dark; he was disgusted with himself for not having something to say; and gradually he grew into a state of feverish irritation at the stones which his father took the trouble to kick away, and the crunching of the gravel under his feet.

"And you have not a penny in the world," said Mr. Brownlow in his dispassionate voice.

"No," said Jack, "I have not a penny in the world."

And then there was another pause. The very stars seemed to have gone in, not to look at his discomfiture, poor fellow! A cold little wind had sprung up, and went moaning out and in eerily among the trees; even old Betty at the lodge had gone to bed, and there was no light to be seen from her windows. The prospect was black, dreary, very chilling—nothing to be seen but the sky, over which clouds were stealing, and the tree-tops swaying wildly against them; and the sound of the steps on the gravel. Jack had uttered his last words with great firmness and even a touch of indignation; but there can be no doubt that heaviness was stealing over his heart.

"If it had been any one but yourself who told me, Jack," said his father, "I should not have believed it. You, of all men in the world—I ought to beg your pardon for misjudging you. I thought you would think of your own pleasure rather than of anybody's comfort, and I was mistaken. I beg your pardon. I am glad to have to make you an apology like this."

"Thanks," said Jack curtly. It was complimentary, no doubt; but the compliment itself was not complimentary. I beg your pardon for thinking you a villain—that was how it sounded to his ears; and he was not flattered even by his escape.

"But I can't rejoice over the rest," said

Mr. Brownlow — "it is going against all your own principles, for one thing. You are very young — you have no call to marry for ten years at least — and of course if you wait ten years you will change your mind."

"I have not the least intention of waiting ten years," said Jack.

"Then perhaps you will be so good as to inform me what your intentions are," said his father, with a little irony; "if you have thought at all on the subject it may be the easier way."

"Of course I have thought on the subject," said Jack; "I hope I am not a fellow to do things without thinking. I don't pretend it is prudent. Prudence is very good, but there are some things that are better. I mean to get married with the least possible delay."

"And then?" said Mr. Brownlow.

"Then, sir, I suppose," said Jack, not without a touch of bitterness, "you will let me remain in the office, and keep my clerkship; seeing that, as you say, I have not a penny in the world."

Then they walked on together again for several minutes in the darkness. It was not wonderful that Jack's heart should be swelling with a sense of injury. Here was he a rich man's son, with the great park breathing round him in the darkness, and the great house shining behind, with its many lights, and many servants, and much luxury. All was his father's — all and a great deal more than that; and yet he, his father's only son, had "not a penny in the world." No wonder Jack's heart was very bitter within him; but he was too proud to make a word of complaint.

"You think it cruel of me to say so," Mr. Brownlow said, after that long pause; "and so it looks, I don't doubt. But if you knew as much as I do, it would not appear to you so wonderful. I am neither so rich nor so assured in my wealth as people think."

"Do you mean that you have been losing money?" said Jack, who was half touched, in the midst of his discontent, by his father's tone.

"I have been losing — not exactly money," said Mr. Brownlow, with a sigh; "but never mind; I can't hide from you, Jack, that you have disappointed me. I feel humbled about it altogether. Not that I am a man to care for worldly advantages that are won by marriage; but yet — and you did not seem the sort of boy to throw yourself away."

"Look here, father," said Jack; "you may be angry, but I must say one word. I think a man, when he can work for his wife, has a right to marry as he likes — at least if he likes," added the young philosopher hastily, with a desperate thought of his consistency; "but I do think a girl's friends have something to do with it. Yet you set your face against me, and let that fellow see Sara constantly — see her alone — talk with her — I found them in the flower-garden the other day, — and then, by Jove! you pitch into me."

"You are speaking of young Powys," said

Mr. Brownlow, with sudden dignity; "Powys is a totally different thing — I have told you so before."

"And I have told you, sir, that you are mistaken," said Jack. "How is Powys different? except that he's a young — cad — and never had any breeding. As for any idea you may have in your head about his family — have you ever seen his mother?"

"Have you?" said Mr. Brownlow; and his heart, too, began to beat heavily, as if there could be any sentimental power in that good woman's name.

"Yes," said Jack, in his ignorance, "she is a homely sort of sensible woman, that never could have been anything beyond what she is; and one look at her would prove that to you. I don't mean to say I like people that have seen better days; but you would never suppose she had been anything more than what she is now; she might have been a Masterton shop-keeper's daughter from Cheestergate or Dove Street," Jack continued, "and she would have looked just as she looks now."

Mr. Brownlow, in spite of himself, gave a long shuddering sigh. He drew a step apart from his son, and stumbled over a stone in the gravel, not having the heart even to kick it away. Jack's words, though they were so careless and so ignorant, went to his father's heart. As it happened, by some curious coincidence, he had chosen the very locality from which Phoebe Thompson would have come. And it rang into the very centre of that unsuspected target which Mr. Brownlow had set up to receive chance shots in his heart.

"I don't know where she has come from," he said; "but yet I tell you Powys is different; and some day you will know better. But whatever may be done about that has nothing to do with your own case. I repeat to you, Jack, it is very humbling to me."

Here he stopped short, and Jack was doggedly silent, and had not a word of sympathy to give him. It was true, this second *mesalliance* was a great blow to Mr. Brownlow — a greater blow to his pride and sense of family importance than anybody could have supposed. He had made up his mind to it that Sara must marry Powys; that her grandeur and her pretty state could only be secured to her by these means, and that she must pay the price for them — a price which, fortunately, she did not seem to have any great difficulty about. But that Jack should make an ignoble marriage too, that people should be able to say that the attorney's children had gone back to their natural grade, and that all his wealth, and their admittance into higher circles, and Jack's education, and Sara's sovereignty, should end in their marrying, the one her father's clerk, the other the little girl in the cottage at the gate, was a very bitter pill to their father. He had never schemed for great marriages for them, never attempted to bring heirs and heiresses under their notice; but still it was a downfall. Even the Brownlows of Masterton had made very different alliances.

It was perhaps a curious sort of thing to strike a man, and a man of business, but nevertheless it was very hard upon him. In Sara's case—if it did come to anything in Sara's case—there was an evident necessity, and there was an equivalent; yet even there Mr. Brownlow knew that when the time came to avow the arrangement, it would not be a pleasant office. He knew how people would open their eyes, how the thing would be spoken of, how his motives and her motives would be questioned. And to think of Jack adding another story to the wonder of the county! Mr. Brownlow did not care much for old Lady Motherwell, but he knew what she would say. She would clasp her old hands together in their brown gloves (if it was morning), and she would say, "They were always very good sort of people, but they were never much in our way—and it is far better they should settle in their own condition of life. I am glad to hear the young people have had so much sense." So the county people would be sure to say, and the thought of it galled Mr. Brownlow. He would not have felt it so much had Jack alone been the culprit, and Sara free to marry Sir Charles Motherwell, or any other county potentate; but to think of both!—and of all the spectators that were looking on, and all their comments! It was mere pride and personal feeling, he knew—even feeling that was a little paltry and scarcely worthy of him—but he could not help feeling the sting and humiliation; and this perhaps, though it was merely fanciful, was the one thing which galled him most about Jack.

Jack, for his part, had nothing to say in opposition. He opened his eyes a little in the dark to think of this unsuspected susceptibility on his father's part, but he did not think it unjust. It seemed to him on the whole natural enough. It was hard upon him, after he had worked and struggled to bring his children into this position. Jack did not understand his father's infatuation in respect to Powys. It was infatuation. But he could well enough understand how it might be very painful to him to see his only son make an obscure marriage. He was not offended at this. He felt for his father, and even he felt for himself, who had the thing to do. It was not a thing he would have approved of for any of his friends, and he did not approve of it in his own case. He knew it was the only thing he could do; and after an evening such as that he had passed with little Pamela, he forgot that there was any thing in it but delight and sweetness. That, however, was a forgetfulness which could not last long. He had felt it could not last long even while he was taking his brief enjoyment of it, and he began again fully to realise the other side of the question as he walked slowly along in the dark by his father's side. The silence lasted a long time, for Mr. Brownlow had a great deal to think about. He walked on mechanically almost as far as Betty's cottage, forgetting almost his son's presence, at least forgetting that there was any

necessity for keeping up a conversation. At last, however, it was he who spoke.

"Jack," he said, "I wish you would reconsider all this. Don't interrupt me, please. I wish you'd think it all over again. I don't say that I think you very much to blame. She has a sweet face," said Mr. Brownlow, with a certain melting of tone, "and I don't say that she may not be as sweet as her face; but still, Jack, you are very young, and it's a very unsuitable match. You are too sensible not to acknowledge that; and it may injure your prospects and cramp you for all your life. In justice both to yourself and your family, you ought to consider all that."

"As it happens, sir, it is too late to consider all that," said Jack, "even if I ever could have balanced secondary motives against"—

"Bah!" said Mr. Brownlow; and then he added, with a certain impatience, "don't tell me that you have not balanced—I know you too well for that. I know you have too much sense for that. Of course you have balanced all the motives. And do you tell me that you are ready to resign all your advantages, your pleasant life here, your position, your prospects, and go and live on a clerk's income in Masterton—all for love?" said Mr. Brownlow. He did not mean to sneer; but his voice, as he spoke, took a certain inflection of sarcasm, as perhaps comes natural to a man beyond middle age, when he has such suggestions to make.

Jack once more thrust his hands into the depths of his pockets, and gloom and darkness came into his heart. Was it the voice of the Tempter that was addressing him? But then, had he not already gone over all that ground?—the loss of all comforts and advantages, the clerk's income, the little house in Masterton. "I have already thought of all that," he said. "as you suggest; but it does not make any difference to me." Then he stopped and made a long pause. "If this is all you have to say to me, sir, perhaps it will be best to stop here," said Jack; and he made a pause, and turned back again with a certain determination towards the house.

"It is all I have to say," said Mr. Brownlow gravely; and he too turned round, and the two made a solemn march homewards, with scarcely any talk. This is how Jack's story was told. He had not thought of doing it, and he had found little comfort and encouragement in the disclosure; but still it was made, and that was so much gained. The lights were beginning to be extinguished in the windows, so late and long had been their discussion. But, as they came up, Sara became visible at the window of her own room, which opened upon a balcony. She had come to look for them in her pretty white dressing-gown, with all her wealth of hair streaming over her shoulders. It was a very familiar sort of apparel, but still, to be sure, it was only her father and her brother who were witnesses of her little exhibition. "Papa, I could not wait for you," she cried, leaning over the balcony, "I couldn't keep

Angelique sitting up. Come and say good-night." When Mr. Brownlow went in to obey her, Jack stood still and pondered. There was a difference. Sara would be permitted to make any marriage she pleased — even with a clerk in his father's office; whereas her brother, who ought to have been the principal — However, to do him justice, there was no grudge in Jack's heart. He scorned to be envious of his sister. "Sara will have it all her own way," he said to himself a little ruefully, as he lighted his candle and went up the great staircase; and then it occurred to him to wonder what she would do about Pamela. Already he felt himself superseded. It was his to take the clerk's income and subside into inferiority, and Sara was to be the Queen of Brownlows — as indeed she had always been.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SARA'S OWN AFFAIRS.

SARA'S affairs were perhaps not so interesting, as indeed they were far from being so advanced, as those of Jack; but still all this time they were making progress. It was not without cause that the image of Powys stole across her mental vision when Jack warned her to look at the beam in her own eye. There could be little doubt that Mr. Brownlow had encouraged Powys. He had asked him to come generally, and he had added to this many special invitations, and sometimes indeed, when Jack was not there, had given the young man a seat in the dog-cart, and brought him out. All this was very confusing, not to Sara, who, as she thought, saw into the motives of her father's conduct, and knew how it was, but to the clerk in Mr. Brownlow's office, who felt himself thus singled out, and could not but perceive that no one else had the same privilege. It filled him with many wondering and even bewildered thoughts. Perhaps at the beginning it did not strike him so much, semi-republican as he was; but he was quick-witted, and when he looked about him, and saw that his neighbours did not get the same advantages, the young Canadian felt that there must be something in it. He was taken in, as it were, to Mr. Brownlow's heart and home, and that not without a purpose, as was told him by the angry lines in Jack's forehead. He was taken in and admitted into the habits of intimacy, and had Sara, as it were, given over to him; and what did it mean? for that it must mean something he could not fail to see.

Thus young Powys's position was very different from that of Jack. Jack had been led into his scrape unwittingly, having meant nothing. But it would have been impossible for Powys to act in the same way. To him unconsciousness was out of the question. He might make it clear to himself, in a dazzled self-conscious way, that his own excellence could have nothing to do with it; that it must

be accident, or good fortune, or something perfectly fortuitous; but yet withal the sense remained that he and no other had been chosen for this privilege, and that it could not be for nothing. He was modest and he had good sense, more than could have been expected from his age and circumstances; but yet every thing conspired to make him forget these sober qualities. He had not permitted himself so much as to think at his first appearance that Miss Brownlow, too, was a young human creature like himself. He had said to himself, on the contrary, that she was of a different species, that she was as much out of his reach as the moon or the stars, and that, if he suffered any folly to get into his head, of course he would have to suffer for it. But the folly had got into his head, and he had not suffered. He had been left with her, and she had talked to him, and made every thing very sweet to his soul. She had dropped the magic drop into his cup, which makes the mildest draught intoxicating, and the poor young fellow had felt the subtle charm stealing over him, and had gone on bewildered, justifying himself by the tacit encouragement given him, and not knowing what to think or what to do. He knew that between her and him there was a gulf fixed. He knew that of all men in the world he was the last to conceive any hopes in which such a brilliant little princess as Sara could be involved. It was doubly and trebly out of the question. He was not only a poor clerk, but he was a poor clerk with a family to support. It was all mere madness and irredeemable folly; but still Mr. Brownlow took him out to his house, and still he saw, and was led into intimate companionship with his master's daughter. And what could it mean? or how could it end? Powys fell into such a maze at last that he went and came unconsciously in a kind of insanity. Something must come of it one of these days. Something; — a volcanic eruption and wild blazing up of earth and heaven — a sudden plunge into madness or into darkness. It was strange, very strange to him, to think what Mr. Brownlow could mean by it; he was very kind to him — almost paternal — and yet he was exposing him to this trial, which he could neither fly nor resist. Thus poor Powys pondered to himself many a time, while, with a beating heart, he went along the road to Brownlows. He could have delivered himself, no doubt, if he would, but he did not want to deliver himself. He had let all go in a kind of desperation. It must end, no doubt, in some dreadful sudden downfall of all his hopes. But indeed he had no hopes; he knew it was madness; yet it was a madness he was permitted, even encouraged in; and he gave himself up to it, and let himself float down the stream, and said to himself that he would shut his eyes, and take what happiness he could get in the present moment, and shut out all thoughts of the future. This he was doing with a kind of thrill of prodigal delight, selling his birthright for a mess of pottage, giving

up all the freshness of his heart, and all its force of early passion, for what? — for nothing. To throw another flower in the path of a girl who trod upon nothing but flowers; this was what he felt it to be in his saner moments. But the influence of that sanity never stopped him in what he was doing. He had never in his life met with any thing like her, and if she chose to have this supreme luxury of a man's heart and life offered up to her all for nothing — what then? He was not the man to grudge her that richest and most useless gift. It was not often he went so deep as this, or realised what a wild cause he was embarked on: but when he did, he saw the matter clearly enough, and knew how it must be.

As for Sara, she was very innocent of any such thoughts. She was not the girl to accept such a holocaust. If she had known what was in his heart possibly she might have scorned him for it: but she never suspected what was passing in his heart. She did not know of that gulf fixed. His real position, that position which was so very true and unquestionable to him, was not real at all to Sara. He was a fairy prince, masquerading under that form for some reason known to himself and Mr. Brownlow; or if not that, then he was the man to whom, according to her father's will, she was to give herself blindly out of pure filial devotion. Anyhow something secret, mysterious, beyond ordinary ken, was in it; something that gave piquancy to the whole transaction. She was not receiving a lover in a commonplace sort of way when she entertained young Powys, but was instead a party to an important transaction, fulfilling a grand duty, either to her father menaced by some danger, or to a hero transformed whom only the touch of a true maiden could win back to his rightful shape. As it happened, this fine devotion was not disagreeable to her; but Sara felt, no doubt, that she would have done her duty quite as unswervingly had the fairy prince been bewitched into the person of the true Beast of the story instead of that of her father's clerk.

It was a curious sort of process to note, had there been any spectator by sufficiently at ease to note it; but there was not, unless, indeed, Mr. Hardcastle and Fanny might have stood in that capacity. As for the Rector, he washed his hands of it. He had delivered his own soul just as Mrs. Swayne had delivered hers in respect to the other parties. He had told Mr. Brownlow very plainly what his opinion was. "My dear fellow," he had said, "you don't know what you are doing. Be warned in time. You don't think what kind of creatures girls and boys are at that age. And then you are compromising Sara with the world. Who do you think would care to be the rival of your clerk? It is very unfair to your child. And then Sara is just one of the girls that are most likely to suffer. She is a girl that has fancies of her own. You know I am as fond of her almost as I am of my Fanny; but there could not be a greater difference than between the

two. Fanny *might* come safely through such an ordeal, but Sara is of a different disposition; she is capable of thinking that it doesn't matter; she is capable, though one does not like even to mention such an idea, of falling in love" —

Mr. Brownlow winced a little at this suggestion. I suppose men don't like to think of their womenkind falling in love. There is a certain desecration in the idea. "No," he said, with something in his voice that was half approval and half contempt, "you need not be afraid of Fanny; and as for Sara, I trust Providence will take care of her — as you seem to think she has so poor a guardian in me."

"Ah, Brownlow, we must both feel what a disadvantage we are at," said Mr. Hardcastle, with a sigh, "with our motherless girls; and theirs is just the age at which it tells."

"Yes," said Mr. Brownlow, shaping his face a little, unawares, into the right look. The Rector had had two mothers for Fanny, and was used to this kind of thing; indeed, it was never off the cards, as Fanny herself was profoundly aware, that there might be a third; and accordingly he had a right to be effusive about it: whereas Mr. Brownlow had had but one love in his life, and could not talk on the subject. But he knew his duty sufficiently to look solemn, and assent to his pastor's proposition about the motherless girls.

"On that account, if on no other, we ought to give them our double attention," the Rector continued. "You know I can have but one motive. Take my word for it, it is not fit that your clerk should be brought into your daughter's society. If any foolish complication should come of it, you would never forgive yourself; and only think of the harm it would do Sara in the world."

"Softly, Hardcastle," said Mr. Brownlow, "don't go too far. Sara and the world have nothing to do with each other. That sort of thing may answer well enough for your hackneyed girls who have gone through a few seasons and are up to every thing; but to the innocent" —

"My dear Brownlow," said the Rector, with a certain tone of patronage and compassion, "I know how much I am inferior to you in true knowledge of the world; but perhaps — let us say — the world of fashion may be a little better known to me than to you."

Mr. Brownlow was roused by this. "I don't know how it should be so," he said, looking very steadily at the Rector. Mr. Hardcastle had a second cousin who was an Irish peer. That was the chief ground of his social pretensions, and the world of fashion, to tell the truth, had never fallen much in his way; but still a man who has a cousin a lord, when he claims superior knowledge of society to that possessed by another man who has no such distinction, generally, in the country at least, has his claim allowed.

"You think not?" he said, stammering and growing red. "Oh, ah — well — of course —

in that case I can't be of any use. I am sorry to have thrust my opinion on you. If you feel yourself so thoroughly qualified" —

"Don't take offence," said Mr. Brownlow. "I have no such high opinion of my qualifications. I don't think we are, either of us, men of fashion to speak of, but, as it happens, I know my own business. It suits me to have my clerk at hand — and he is not just an ordinary clerk; and I hope Sara is not the sort of girl to lose her head and go off into silly romances. I have confidence in her, you see, as you have in Fanny — though perhaps it may not be so perfectly justified," Mr. Brownlow added, with a smile. Fanny was known within her own circle to be a very prudent little woman, almost too prudent, and this was a point which the Rector always felt.

"Well, I hope you will find it has been for the best," Mr. Hardcastle answered, and he sighed in reply to his friend's smile: evidently he did not expect it would turn out for the best, but at all events he had delivered his soul.

And Fanny, in the mean time, was delivering her little lecture to Sara. They had been dining at Brownlows, and there were no other guests, and the two girls were alone in the drawing-room, in that little half-hour which the gentlemen spent over their temperate glass of claret. It is an hour much bemoaned by fast young women; but, as the silent majority are aware, it is not an unpleasant hour. Fanny Hardcastle and Sara Brownlow were great friends in their way. They were in the habit of seeing each other continually, of going to the same places, of meeting the same people. It was not exactly a friendship of natural affinity, but rather of proximity, which answers very well in many cases. Probably Fanny, for her part, was not capable of any thing more enthusiastic. They told each other every thing — that is, they each told the other as much as that other could understand. Fanny, by instinct, refrained from putting before Sara all the prudences and sensible restrictions that existed in her own thoughts; and Sara, equally by instinct, was dumb about her own personal feelings and fancies, except now and then when carried away by their vehemence. "She would not understand me, you know," both of them would have said. But to-night Fanny had taken upon herself the prophetic office. She, too, had her burden of warning to deliver, and to free her own soul from all responsibility in her neighbour's fate.

"Sara," she said, "I saw you the other day when you did not see me. You were in the park — down there, look, under that tree; and that Mr. Powys was with you. You know I once saw him here."

"I do not call that the park — I call that the avenue," said Sara; but she saw that her companion spoke with *intention*, and a certain quickening of colour came to her face.

"You may call it any thing you please, but I am sure it is the park," said Fanny, "and I want to speak to you about it. I am sure I

don't know who Mr. Powys is — I daresay he is very nice — but *do* you think it is quite right walking about with him like that? You told me you self he was in your papa's office. You know, Sara dear, I wouldn't say a word to you if it wasn't for your good."

"What is for my good?" said Sara — walking in the park? or having you to speak to me? As for Mr. Powys, I don't suppose you know any thing about him, so of course you can't have any thing to say."

"I wish you would not gallop on like that and take away one's breath," said Fanny. "Of course I don't know any thing about him. He may be very nice — I am sure I can't say; or he may be very amusing — they often are," Fanny added with a sigh, "when they are no good. But don't go walking and talking with him, Sara; don't, there's a dear; people will talk; you *know* how they talk. And if he is only in your papa's office" —

"I don't see what difference that can possibly make," said Sara, with a little vehemence.

"But it does make a difference," said Fanny, once more with a sigh. "If he were ever so nice, it could be *no good*. Mr. Brownlow may be very kind to him; but he would never let you marry him, Sara. Yes, of course that is what it must come to. A girl should not stray about in the park with a man, unless he was a man that she could marry if he asked her. I don't mean to say that she *would* marry, but at least that she could. And, besides, a girl owes a duty to herself even if her father would consent. You, in your position, ought to make a very different match."

"You little worldly-minded wretch!" cried Sara, have you nearly done?"

"Anybody would tell you so as well as me," said Fanny. "You might have had that big Sir Charles if you had liked. Papa is only a poor clergyman, and we have not the place in society we might have; but you can go everywhere, you who are so rich. And then the gentlemen always like you. If you were to make a poor marriage, it would be a shame."

"When did you learn all that?" said Fanny's hearer, aghast. "I never thought you were half so wise."

"I always knew it, dear," said little Fanny, with complacency. "I used to be too frightened to speak, and then you always talked so much quicker and went on so. But when I was at my aunt's in spring" —

"I shall always hate your aunt," cried Sara — "I did before by instinct: did she put it all into your head about matches and things? You were ten thousand times better when you had only me. As if I would marry a man because he would be a good marriage! I wonder what you take me for, that you speak so to me!"

"Then what would you marry him for?" said little Fanny, with a toss of her pretty head.

"For!" cried Sara, "not for any thing! for nothing at all! I hate marrying. To think a girl cannot live in this world without having

that thrust into her face! What should I marry anybody for? But I shall do what I like, and walk when I like, and talk to anybody that pleases me," cried the impetuous young woman. Her vehemence brought a flush to her face and something like tears into her eyes; and Fanny, for her part, looked on very gravely at an appearance of feeling of which she entirely disapproved.

"I daresay you will take your own way," she said, "you always did take your own way; but at least you can't say I did not warn you; and I hope you will never be sorry for not having listened to me, Sara. I love you all the same," said Fanny, giving her friend a soft little kiss. Sara did not return this salutation with the warmth it deserved. She was flushed and angry and impatient, and yet disposed to laugh.

"You don't hope anything of the sort," she said; "you hope I shall live to be very sorry — and I hate your aunt." This was how the warning ended in the drawing-room. It was more elegantly expressed than it had been by Mrs. Swayne and old Betty; but yet the burden of the prophecy was in some respects the same.

When Sara thought over it at a later period of the night she laughed a little in her own mind at poor Fanny's ignorance. Could she but know that the poor clerk was an enchanted prince! Could she but guess that it was in pure obedience to her father's wishes that she had given him such a reception! When he appeared in his true shape, whatever that might be, how uncomfortable little Fanny would feel at the recollection of what she had said! And then Sara took to guessing and wondering what his true shape might be. She was not romantic to speak of in general. She was only romantic in her own special case; and when she came to think of it seriously, her good sense came to her aid — or rather not to her aid — to her hindrance and confusion and bewilderment. Sara knew very well that in those days people were not often found out to be princes in disguise. She knew even that for a clerk in her father's office to turn out the heir to a peerage or even somebody's son would be so unusual as to be almost incredible. And what, then, could her father mean? Neither was Mr. Brownlow the sort of man to pledge his soul on his daughter in any personal emergency. Yet some cause there must be. When she had come this length, a new sense seemed suddenly to wake up in Sara's bosom, perhaps only the result of her own thoughts, perhaps suggested, though she would not have allowed that, by Fanny Hardcastle's advice, — a sudden sense that she had been coming down from her natural sphere, and that her father's clerk was not a fit mate for her. She was very generous, and hasty, and high-flown, and fond of her father, and fond of amusement — and moved by all these qualities and affections together she had jumped at the suggestion of Mr. Brownlow's plan; but perhaps she had never once thought seriously of

it as it affected herself until that night. Now it suddenly occurred to her how people might talk. Strangely enough, the same thought which had been bitterness to her father stung her also, as soon as her eyes were opened. Miss Brownlow of Brownlows, who had refused, or the same thing as refused, Sir Charles Motherwell — whom young Keppel had regarded afar off as utterly beyond his reach — the daughter of the richest man, and herself one of the most popular (Sara did not even to herself say the prettiest; she might have had an inkling of that too, but certainly she did not put it into articulate thought) girls in the county — she bending from her high estate to the lev of a lawyer's clerk; she going back to the hereditary position, reminding everybody that she was the daughter of the Masterton attorney, showing the low tastes which one generation of higher culture could not be supposed to have effaced! How could she do it? If she had been a duke's daughter, it would not have mattered. In such a case, nobody could have thought of hereditary low tastes; but now — As Sara mused, the colour grew hotter and hotter in her cheeks. To think that it was only now, so late in the day, that this occurred to her, after she had gone so far in the way of carrying out her father's wishes! To think that he could have imposed such a sacrifice upon her! Sara's heart smarted and stung her in her breast as she thought of that. And then there suddenly came up a big indignant blob of warm dew in either eye which was not for her father nor for her own dignity, but for something else about which she could not parley with herself. And then she rushed at her candles and put them out, and threw herself down on her bed. The fact was, that she did sleep in half an hour at the farthest, though she did not mean to, and thus escaped from her thoughts; but that was not what she calculated upon. She calculated on lying awake all night and saying many very pointed and grievous things to her father when in the morning he should ask her the meaning of her pale face and heavy eyes; but unfortunately her cheeks were as fresh as the morning when the morning duly came, and her eyes as bright, and Mr. Brownlow, seeing no occasion for it, asked no questions but had himself to submit to inquiries and condolences touching a bad night and a pale face. He, too, had been moved by Mr. Hardcastle's warning — moved, not of course to any sort of acceptance of the Rector's advice, but only to the length of being uncomfortable, while he took his own way, which is at all times the only one certain result of good advice. And he was depressed too about Jack's communication which had been made to him only two nights before, and of which he had spoken to nobody. The thought of it was a humiliation to him. His two children whom he had brought up so carefully, his only ones, in whom he had expected his family to make a new beginning — and yet they both meant to descend far below the ancestral level which he

had hoped to see them leave utterly behind! He was not what is called a proud man, and he had never been ashamed of his origin or of his business. But yet, two such marriages in one family, and one generation!— It was a bitter thought.

As for Sara, she would have said, had she been questioned, that she thought of nothing else all day; and, in fact, it was her prevailing pre-occupation. All the humiliations involved in it came gleaming across her mind by intervals. Her pride rose up in arms. She did not know as yet about the repetition or rather anticipation of her case which her brother had been guilty of. But she did ponder over the probable consequences. The hardest thing of all was that they would say it was the fault of her race, that she was only returning to her natural level, and that it was not wealth nor even admiration which could make true gentlefolks; all which were sentiments to which Sara would have subscribed willingly in any but her own case. When Powys arrived with Mr. Brownlow in the evening, she received him with a stateliness that chilled the poor young fellow to his heart. And he too had so many thoughts, and just at that moment was wondering with an intensity which put all the others to shame how it could possibly end, and what his honour required of him, and what sort of a grey and weary desert life would be after this dream was over. It seemed to him absolutely as if the dream was coming to an end that night. Jack, who was never very courteous to the visitor, left them immediately after dinner, and Mr. Brownlow retired to the library for some time, and Powys had no choice but to go, where his heart had gone before him, up to the drawing-room where Sara sat alone. Of course, she ought to have had a chaperone; but then this young man, being only a clerk from the office, did not count.

She was seated in the window, close to the Claude, which had been the first thing that brought these two together; but to-night she was in no meditative mood. She had provided herself with work, and was labouring at it fiercely in a way which Powys had never seen before. And he did not know that her heart too was beating very fast, and that she had been wondering and wondering whether he would have the courage to come up-stairs. He had really had that courage, but now that he was there, he did not know what to do. He came up to her at first; but she kept on working and did not take any notice of him, she who up to this moment had always been so sweet. The poor young fellow was cast down to the very depths; he thought they had but taken him up and played upon him for their amusement, and that now the end had come. And he tried, but ineffectually, to comfort himself with the thought that he had always known it must come to an end. Almost when he saw her silence, her absorbed looks, the constrained little glance she gave him as he came into the room, it came into his mind that Sara herself

would say something to bring the dream to a distinct conclusion. If she had told him that she divined his presumption, and that he was never more to enter that room again, he would not have been surprised. It had been a false position throughout—he knew that, and he knew that it must come to an end.

But, in the mean time, a fair face must be put upon it. Powys, though he was a backwoodsman, knew enough of life, or had sufficient instinct of its requirements, to know that So he went up to the Claude, and looked at it sadly, with a melancholy he could not restrain.

"It is as you once said, Miss Brownlow," said Powys—"always the same gleam and the same ripples. I can understand your objections to it now."

"The Claude?" said Sara, with unnecessary vehemence, "I hate it. I think I hate all pictures; they are so everlastingly the same thing. Did Jack go out, Mr. Powys, as you came up-stairs?"

"Yes; he went out just after you had left us," said Powys, glad to find something less suggestive on which to speak.

"Again?" said Sara, plunging at the new subject with an energy which proved it to be a relief to her also. "He is so strange! I don't know if papa told you; he is giving us a great deal of trouble just now. I am afraid he has got fond of somebody very, very much below him. It will be a dreadful thing for us if it turns out to be true."

Poor Powys's tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. He gave a wistful look at his tormentor, full of a kind of dumb entreaty. What did she say it for? was it for him, without even the satisfaction of plain speaking, to send him away forever?

"Of course you don't know the circumstances," said Sara; "but you can fancy when he is the only son. I don't think you ever took to Jack; but of course he is a great deal to papa and me."

"I think it was your brother who never took to me," said Powys; "he thought I had no business here."

"He had no right to think so, when papa thought differently," said Sara: "he was always very disagreeable; and now to think he should be as foolish as any of us." When she had said this, Sara suddenly recollected herself and gave a glance up at her companion to see if he had observed her indiscretion. Then she went on hastily, with a rising colour. "I wish you would tell me, Mr. Powys, how it was that you first came to know papa."

"It is very easy," said Powys; but there he too paused, and grew red, and stopped short in his story with a reluctance that had nothing to do with pride. "I went to him seeking employment," he continued, making an effort, and smiling a sickly smile. He knew she must know that, but yet it cost him a struggle; and somehow everything seemed to have changed so entirely since those long-distant days.

"And you never knew him before?" said

Sara — "nor your father? — nor anybody belonging to you? — I do so want to know!"

"You are surprised that he has been so kind to me," said Powys, with a pang; "and it is natural you should. No, there is no reason for it that I know of, except his own goodness. He meant to be very, very kind to me," the young fellow added, with a certain pathos. It seemed to him as he spoke that Mr. Brownlow had in reality been very cruel to him; but he did not say it in words. Sara, for her part, gave him a little quick fugitive glance; and it is possible, though no explanation was given, that she understood what he did not speak.

"That was not what I meant," she said quickly; "only I thought there was something — and then about your family, Mr. Powys?" she said, looking up into his face with a curiosity she could not restrain. Certainly the more she thought it over, the more it amazed her. What could her father mean?

"I have no family that I know of," said Powys, with a momentary smile, "except my mother and my little sisters. I am poor, Miss Brownlow, and of no account whatever. I never saved Mr. Brownlow's life, nor did any thing he could be grateful to me for. And I did not know you nor this house," he went on, "when your father brought me here. I did not know, and I could live without — Don't ask me any more questions, please; for I fear I did not know what I am saying to-day."

Here, there was a pause, for Sara, though fearless enough in most cases, was a little alarmed by his suppressed vehemence. She was alarmed, and at the same time she was softened, and her inquisitiveness was stronger than her prudence. His very prayer that she would ask him no more questions quickened her curiosity; and it was not in her to refrain for fear of the danger — in that, as in most other amusements, "the danger's self was lure alone."

"But I hope you don't regret having been brought here," she said softly, looking up at him. It was a cruel speech, and the look and the tone were more cruel still. If she had meant to bring him to her feet, she could not have done anything better adapted to her purpose, and she did not mean to bring him to her feet. She did it only out of a little personal feeling and a little sympathy, and the perversity of her heart.

Powys started violently, and gave her a look under which Sara, courageous as she was, actually trembled; and the next thing he did was to turn his back upon her, and look long and intently at the nearest picture. It was not the Claude this time. It was a picture of a woman holding out a piece of bread to a beggar at her door. The wretch, in his misery, was crouching by the wall and holding out his hand for it, and within were the rosy children, well-fed and comfortable, looking large-eyed upon the want without. The young man thought it was symbolic, as he stood looking at it, quivering all over with emotion which he was labouring to

shut up in his own breast. She was holding out the bread of life to him; but it would never reach his lips. He stood struggling to command himself, forgetting everything but the desperation of that struggle, betraying himself, more than any words could have done — fighting his fight of honour and truth against temptation. Sara saw all this, and the little temptress was not satisfied. It would be difficult to tell what impulse possessed her. She had driven him very far, but not yet to the furthest point; and she could not give up her experiment at its very height.

"But you do not answer my question," she said very softly. The words were scarcely out of her lips, the tingle of compunction had not begun in her heart, when her victim's strength gave way. He turned round upon her with a wild breathlessness that struck Sara dumb. She had seen more than one man who supposed he was "in love" with her; but she had never seen passion before.

"I would regret it," he said, "if I had any sense or spirit left; but I have not, and I don't regret. Take it all — take it! — and then scorn it. I know you will. What could you do but scorn it? It is only my heart and my life; and I am young and shall have to live on hundreds of years, and never see your sweetest face again."

"Mr. Powys!" said Sara in consternation, turning very pale.

"Yes," he said, melting out of the momentary swell of excitement, "I think I am mad to say so. I don't grudge it. It is no better than a flower that you will put your foot on; and now that I have told you, I know it is all over. But I don't grudge it. It was not your doing; and I would rather give it to you to be flung away than to any other woman. Don't be angry with me — I shall never see you again."

"Why?" said Sara, not knowing what she said — "what is it? — what have I done? Mr. Powys, I don't think you — either of us — know what you mean. Let us forget all about it. You said you did not know what you were saying to-day."

"But I have said it," said the young man in his excitement. "I did not mean to betray myself, but now it is all over. I can never come here again. I can never dare look at you again. And it is best so; every day was making it worse. God bless you, though you have made me miserable. I shall never see your face again."

"Mr. Powys!" cried Sara faintly.

But he was gone beyond hearing of her voice. He had not sought even to kiss her hand, as a despairing lover has a prescriptive right to do, much less the hem of her robe, as they do in romances. He was gone in a whirlwind of wild haste, and misery, and passion. She sat still, with her lips apart, her eyes very wide open, her face very white, and listened to his hasty steps going away into the outside world. He was gone — quite gone, and Sara sat aghast. She could not cry; she could not speak; she

could but listen to his departing steps, which echoed upon her heart as it seemed. Was it all over? Would he never see her face again, as he said? Had she made him miserable? Sara's face grew whiter and whiter as she asked herself these questions. Of one thing there could be no doubt, that it was she who had drawn this explanation from him. He had not wished to speak, and she had made him speak. And this was the end. If a sudden thunderbolt had fallen before her, she could not have been more startled and dismayed. She never stirred for an hour or more after he had left her. She let the evening darken round her, and never asked for lights. Everything was perfectly still, yet she was deafened by the noises in her ears, her heart beating, and voices rising and contending in it which she had never heard before. And was this the end? She was sitting still in the window like a thing in white marble when the servant came in with the lamp, and he had almost stumbled against her as he went to shut the window, and yelled with terror thinking it was a ghost. It was only then that Sara regained command of herself. Was it all over from to-night?

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DESPAIR.

It was nearly two hours after this when Jack Brownlow met Powys at the gate. It was a moonlight night, and the white illumination which fell upon the departing visitor perhaps increased the look of excitement and desperation which might have been apparent even to the most indifferent passer-by. He had been walking very quickly down the avenue; his boots and his dress gleamed in the moonlight as if he had been burying himself among the wet grass and bushes in the park. His hat was over his brows, his face haggard and ghastly. No doubt it was partly the effect of the wan and ghostly moonlight, but still there must have been something more in it, or Jack, who loved him little, would not have stopped as he did to see what was the matter. Jack was all the more bent upon stopping that he could see Powys did not wish it, and all sorts of hopes and suspicions sprang up in his mind. His father had dismissed the intruder, or he had so far forgotten himself as to betray his feelings to Sara, and she had dismissed him. Once more curiosity came in Powys's way. Jack was so resolute to find out what it was that, for the first time in his life, he was friendly to his father's clerk. "Are you walking?" he said; "I'll go with you a little way. It is a lovely night."

"Yes," said Powys; and he restrained his headlong course a little. It was all he could do—that, and to resist the impulse to knock Jack down and be rid of him. It might not have been so very easy, for the two were tolerably well matched; but poor Powys was trembling with the force of passion, and would have

been glad of any opportunity to relieve himself either in the way of love or hatred. Nothing of this description, however, seemed practicable to him. The two young men walked down the road together, keeping a little apart, young, strong, tall, full of vigour, and with a certain likeness in right of their youth and strength. There should even have been the sympathy between them which draws like to like. And yet how unlike they were! Jack had taken his fate in his hand, and was contemplating with a cheerful daring, which was half ignorance, a descent to the position in which his companion stood. It would be sweetened in his case by all the ameliorations possible, or so at least he thought; and, after all, what did it matter? Whereas Powys was smarting under the miserable sense of having been placed in a false position in addition to all the pangs of unhappy love, and of having betrayed himself and the confidence put in him, and sacrificed his honour, and cut himself off forever from the delight which still might have been his. All these pains and troubles were struggling together within him. He would have felt more keenly still the betrayal of the trust his employer had placed in him, had he not felt bitterly that Mr. Brownlow had subjected him to temptations which it was not in flesh and blood to bear. Thus every kind of smart was accumulated within the poor young fellow's spirit—the sense of guilt, the sense of being hardly used, the consciousness of having shut himself out from paradise, the knowledge, beyond all, that his love was hopeless and all the light gone out of his life. It may be supposed how little inclination he had to enter into light conversation, or to satisfy the curiosity of Jack.

They walked on together in complete silence for some minutes, their footsteps ringing in harmony along the level road, but their minds and feelings as much out of harmony as could be conceived. Jack was the first to speak. "It's pleasant walking to-night," he said feeling more conciliatory than he could have thought possible; "how long do you allow yourself from here to Masterton? It is a good even road."

"Half an hour," said Powys carelessly. "Half an hour! that's quick work," said Jack. "I don't think you'll manage that to-night. I have known that mare of mine do it in twenty minutes; but I don't think you could match her pace."

"She goes very well," said the Canadian, with a moderation which nettled Jack.

"Very well! I never saw any thing go like her," he said—"that is with a cart behind her. What kind of cattle have you in Canada? I suppose there's good sport there of one kind or another. Shouldn't you like to go back?"

"I am going back," said Powys. He said it in the depth of his despair, and it startled himself as soon as it was said. Go back? yes! that was the only thing to do—but how?

"Really?" said Jack with surprise and a small relief, and then a certain human sentiment

awoke within him. "I hope you haven't had a row with the governor?" he said: "it always seemed to me he had too great a fancy for you. I beg your pardon for saying so just now, especially if you're vexed; but look here—I'm not much of a one for a peacemaker; but if you don't mind telling me what it's about"—

"I have had no row with Mr. Brownlow; it is worse than that," said Powys; "it is past talking of; I have been both an ass and a knave, and there's nothing for me but to take myself out of everybody's way."

Once more Jack looked at him in the moonlight, and saw that quick heave of his breast which betrayed the effort he was making to keep himself down, and a certain spasmodic quiver in his lip.

"I wouldn't be too hasty if I were you," he said. "I don't think you can have been a knave. We're all of us ready enough to make fools of ourselves," the young philosopher added, with a touch of fellow-feeling. "You and I haven't been over good friends, you know, but you might as well tell me what it's all about."

"You were quite right," said Powys hastily. "I ought never to have come up here. And it was not my doing. It was a false position all along. A man oughtn't to be tempted beyond his strength. Of course I have nobody to blame but myself. I don't suppose I would be a knave about money or any thing of that sort. But it's past talking of; and besides I could not, even if it were any good, make a confidant of you."

It was not difficult for Jack to divine what this despair meant, and he was touched by the delicacy which would not name his sister's name. "I lay a hundred pounds it's Sara's fault," he said to himself. But he gave no expression to the sentiment. And of course it was utterly beyond hope, and the young fellow in Powys's position who should yield to such a temptation must indeed have made an ass of himself. But in the circumstances Jack was not affronted at the want of confidence in himself.

"I don't want to pry into your affairs," he said. "I don't like it myself; but I would not do any thing hastily if I were you. A man mayn't be happy; but, so far as I can see, he must live all the same."

"Yes, that's the worst," said Powys; "a fellow can't give in and get done with it. Talk is no good; but I shall have to go. I shall speak to your father to-morrow, and then—Good-night. Don't come any further. I've been all about the place to say good bye. I am glad to have had this talk with you first. Good-night."

"Good-night," said Jack, grasping the hand of his fellow. Their hands had never met in the way of friendship before. Now they clasped each other warmly, closely, with an instinctive sympathy. Powys's mind was so excited with other things, and so full of supreme emotion, that this occurrence, though startling enough, did not have much effect upon him. But it made a very different impression upon Jack,

who was full of surprise and compunction, and turned, after he had made a few steps in the direction of Brownlows, with a reluctant idea of "doing something" for the young fellow who was so much less lucky than himself. It was a reluctant idea, for he was prejudiced, and did not like to give up his prejudices, and at the same time he was generous, and could not but feel for a brother in misfortune. But Powys was already far on his way, out of hearing, and almost out of sight. "He will do it in the half-hour," Jack said to himself, with admiration. "By Jove! how the fellow goes! and I'll lay you any thing it's all Sara's fault." He was very hard upon Sara in the revulsion of his feelings. Of course she could have done nothing but send her presumptuous admirer away. But then, had she not led him on and encouraged him? "The little flirt!" Jack said to himself; and just then he was passing Swayne's cottage, which lay in the deep blackness of the shadow made by the moonlight. He looked up tenderly at the light that burned in the upper window. He had grown foolish about that faint little light, as was only natural. There was one who was no flirt, who never would have tempted any man and drawn him on to the breaking of his heart. From the height of his own good fortune, Jack looked down upon poor Powys speeding along with despair in his soul along the Masterton road. Something of that soft remorse which is the purest bloom of personal happiness softened his thoughts. Poor Powys! And there was nothing that could be done for him. He could not compel his fate as Jack himself could do. For him there was nothing in store but the relinquishment of all hope, the giving up of all dreams. The thought made Jack feel almost guilty in his own independence and well-being. Perhaps he could yet do or say something that would smooth the other's downfall,—persuade him to remain at least at Masterton, where he need never come in the way of the little witch who had beguiled him, and afford him his own protection and friendship instead.

As Jack thought of the little house that he himself, separated from Brownlows and its comforts, was about to set up at Masterton, his benevolence towards Powys grew still stronger. He was a fellow with whom a man could associate on emergency; and no doubt this was all Sara's fault. He went home to Brownlows, disposed to stand Powys's friend if there was any question of him. But when Jack reached home there was no question of Powys. On the whole it was not a cheerful house into which he entered. Lights were burning vacantly in the drawing-room, but there was nobody there. Lights were burning dimly down-stairs. It looked like a deserted place as he went up and down the great staircase, and through the silent rooms, and found nobody. Mr. Brownlow himself was in the library with the door shut, where, in the present complexion of affairs, Jack did not care to disturb him; and Miss Sara had gone to bed.

with a headache, he was told, when, after searching for her everywhere, he condescended to inquire. Sara was not given to headaches, and the intimation startled her brother. And he went and sat in the drawing-room alone and stared at the lights, and contrasted this solitary grandeur with the small house whose image was in his mind, — the little cozy, tiny, sunshiny place, where one little bright face would always smile; where there would always be some one ready to listen, ready to be interested, ready to take a share in every thing. The picture looked very charming to him after the dreariness of this great room, and Sara gone to bed, and poor Powys banished and broken-hearted. That was not to be his own fate, and Jack grew pious and tender in his self-gratulations. After all, poor Powys was a very good sort of fellow; but, as it happened, it was Jack who had drawn all the prizes of life. He did think at one time of going down-stairs notwithstanding the delicate state of his own relations with his father, and making such excuses as were practicable for the unfortunate clerk, who had permitted himself to be led astray in this foolish manner. "Of course it was a great risk bringing him here at all," Jack thought of saying, that Mr. Brownlow might be brought to a due sense of his own responsibility in the matter; but after long consideration, he wisely reflected that it would be best to wait until the first parties to the transaction had pronounced themselves. If Sara did not mean to say any thing about it, nor Powys, why should he interfere? upon which conclusion, instead of going down-stairs, he went to bed, thinking again how cheerless it was for each member of the household to start off like this without a single good-night, and how different it would be in the new household that was to come.

Sara came to breakfast next morning looking very pale. The colour had quite gone out of her cheeks, and she had done herself up in a warm velvet jacket, and had the windows closed as soon as she came into the room. "They never will remember that the summer's over," she said, with a shiver, as she took her place; but she made no further sign of any kind. Clearly she had no intention of complaining of her rash lover, — so little, indeed, that when Mr. Brownlow was about to go away, she held out a book to him timidly, with a sudden blush. "Mr. Powys forgot to take this with him last night; would you mind taking it to him, papa?" she said very meekly; and as Jack looked at her, Sara blushed redder and redder. Not that she had any occasion to blush. It might be meant as an olive-branch or a pledge of hope; but still it was only a book that Powys had left behind him. Mr. Brownlow accepted the charge with a little surprise, and he, too, looked at her so closely that it was all she could do to restrain a burst of tears.

"Is it such a wonder that I should send back a book when it is left?" she cried petulantly. "You need not take it unless you like, papa; it can always go by the post."

"I will take it," said Mr. Brownlow; and Jack sat by rather grimly, and said nothing. Jack was very variable and uncertain just at that moment in his own feelings. He had not forgotten the melting of his heart on the previous night; but if he had seen any tokens of relenting on the part of his sister towards the presumptuous stranger, Jack would have again hated Powys. He even observed with suspicion that his father took little notice of Sara's agitation; that he shut his eyes to it, as it were, and took her book, and evaded all further discussion. Jack himself was not going to Masterton that day. He had to see that everything was in order for the next day, which was the 1st of September. So far had the season wheeled round imperceptibly while all the variations of this little domestic drama were ripening to their appointed end.

Jack, however, did not go to inspect his gun, and consult with the gamekeeper, immediately on his father's departure. He waited for a few minutes, while Sara, who had been so cold, rushed to the window, and threw it open. "There must be thunder in the air — one can scarcely breathe," she said. And Jack watched her jealously, and did not lose a single look.

"You were complaining of cold just now," he said. "Sara, mind what you are about. If you think you can play that young Powys at the end of your line you're making a great mistake."

"Play whom?" cried Sara, blazing up. "You are a nice person to preach to me! I am playing nobody at the end of my line. I have no line to play with; and you that are making a fool of that poor little simple Pamela!" —

"Be quiet, will you?" said Jack, furious. "That poor little simple Pamela, as you call her, is going to be my wife."

Sara gazed at him for a moment, thunder-struck, standing like something made into stone, with her velvet jacket, which she had just taken off in her hands. Then the colour fled from her cheeks as quickly as it had come to them, and her great eyes filled suddenly, like crystal cups, with big tears. She threw the jacket down out of her hands, and rushed to her brother's side, and clasped his arm. "You don't mean it, Jack? — do you mean it?" she cried piteously, gazing up into his face; and a crowd of different emotions, more than Jack could discriminate or divine, was in her voice. There was pleasure and there was sorrow, and sharp envy and pride and regret. She clasped his arm, and looked at him with a look which said, "How could you? — how dare you? — and, oh, how lucky you are to be able to do it!" — all in a breath.

"Of course I mean it," said Jack, a little roughly; but he did not mean to be rough. "And that is why I tell you it is odious of you, Sara, to tempt a man to his destruction, when you know you can do nothing for him but break his heart."

"Can't I?" said Sara, dropping away from his arm, with a faint little moan; and then she

turned quickly away, and hid her face in her hands. Jack, for his part, felt he was bound to improve the occasion, though his heart smote him. He stood secure on his own pedestal of virtue though he did not want her to copy him. Indeed such virtue in Sara would have been little short of vice.

"Nothing else," said Jack, "and yet you creatures do it without ever thinking of the sufferings you cause. I saw the state that poor fellow was in when he left you last night; and now you begin again sending him books! What pleasure can you have in it? It is something inconceivable to me."

This Jack uttered with a superiority and sense of goodness so lofty that Sara's tears dried up. She turned round in a blaze of indignation, too much offended to trust herself to answer. "You may be an authority to Pamela, but you are not an authority to me," she cried, drawing herself up to her fullest state. But she did not trust herself to continue the warfare. The tears were lying too near the surface, and Sara had been too much shaken by the incident of the previous night. "I am not going to discuss my own conduct; you can go and talk to Pamela about it," she added pausing an instant at the door of the room before she went out. It was spiteful, and Jack felt that it was spiteful; but he did not guess how quickly Sara rushed up-stairs after her dignified progress to the door, nor how she locked herself in, nor what a cry she had in her own room when she was safe from all profane eyes. She was not thinking of Pamela, and yet she could have beaten Pamela. She was to be happy, and have her own way; but as for Sara, it was an understood duty that the only thing she could do for a man was to break his heart! Her tears fell down like rain at this thought. Why should Jack be so free and she so fettered? Why should Pamela be so well off? Thus a sudden and wild little hailstorm of rage and mortification went over Sara's head, or rather heart.

Meanwhile Mr. Brownlow went very steadily to business with the book in his pocket. He had been a little startled by Sara's look, but by this time it was going out of his mind. He was thinking that it was a lovely morning, and still very warm, though the child was so chilly; and then he remembered, with a start that next day was the 1st of September. Another six weeks, and the time of his probation was over. The thought sent the blood coursing through his veins, as if he had been a young man. Everything had gone on so quietly up to that moment — no further alarms — nothing to revive his fears — young Powys lulled to indifference, if indeed he knew anything; and the time of liberation so near. But with that thrill of satisfaction came a corresponding excitement. Now that the days were numbered, every day was a year in itself. It occurred to him suddenly to go away somewhere, to take Sara with him, and bury himself in some remote corner of the earth, where nobody could

find him for those fated six weeks; and so make it quite impossible that any application could reach him. But he dismissed the idea. In his absence might she not appear, and disclose herself? His own presence somehow seemed to keep her off, and at arm's length; but he could not trust events for a single day if he were gone. And it was only six weeks. After that, yes, he would go away, he would go to Rome or somewhere, and take Sara, and recover his calm after that terrible tension. He would need it, no doubt, — so long as his brain did not give way.

Mr. Brownlow, however, was much startled by the looks of Powys when he went into the office. He was more haggard than he had ever been in the days when Mr. Wrinkell was suspicious of him. His hair hung on his forehead in a limp and drooping fashion — he was pale, and there were circles round his eyes. Mr. Brownlow had scarcely taken his place in his own room when the impatient young man came and asked to speak to him. The request made the lawyer's hair stand up on his head, but he could not refuse the petition. "Come in," he said faintly. The blood seemed to go back on his heart in a kind of despair. After all his anticipations of approaching freedom, was he to be arrested after all, before the period of emancipation came?

As for Powys, he was too much excited himself to see anything but the calmest composure in Mr. Brownlow, who indeed, throughout all his trials, though they were sharp enough, always looked composed. The young man even thought his employer methodical and matter-of-fact to the last degree. He had put out upon the table before him the book Sara had intrusted him with. It was a small edition of one of the poets which poor Powys had taken with him on his last unhappy expedition to Brownlows; and Mr. Brownlow put his hand on the book, with a constrained smile, as a schoolmaster might have put his hand on a prize.

"My daughter sent you this, Powys," he said, "a book which it appears you left last night; and why did you go away in such a hurry without letting me know?"

"Miss Brownlow sent it!" said Powys, growing crimson; and for a minute the poor young fellow was so startled and taken aback that he could not add another word. He clutched at the book, and gazed at it hungrily, as if it could tell him something, and then he saw Mr. Brownlow looking at him with surprise, and his colour grew deeper and deeper. "That was what I came to speak to you about, sir," he said, hot with excitement and wretchedness. "You have trusted me, and I am unworthy of your trust. I don't mean to excuse myself; but I could not let another day go over without telling you. I have behaved like an idiot — and a villain!"

"Stop, stop!" said Mr. Brownlow. "What is all this about? Don't be excited. I don't

believe you have behaved like a villain. Take time and compose yourself, and tell me what it is."

"It is that you took me into your house, sir, and trusted me," said Powys, "and I have betrayed your trust. I must mention her name. I saw your daughter too often—too much. I should have had the honour and honesty to tell you before I betrayed myself. But I did not mean to betray myself. I miscalculated my strength; and in a moment, when I was not thinking, it gave way. Don't think I have gone on with it," he added, looking beseechingly at his employer, who sat silent, not so much as lifting his eyes. "It was only last night—and I am ready at the moment, if you wish it, to go away."

Mr. Brownlow sat at his table and made no reply. Oh, those hasty young creatures, who precipitated everything! It was in a kind of way, the result of his own scheming, and yet his heart revolted at it, and in six weeks' time he would be free from all such necessity. What was he to do? He sat silent, utterly confounded and struck dumb—not with surprise and horror as his young companion in the fulness of his compunction believed, but with confusion and uncertainty as to what he ought to say and do. He could not offend and affront the young man on whose quietness and unawakened thoughts so much depended. He could not send Powys away, to fall probably into the hands of other advisers, and rise up against himself. Yet could he pledge himself, and risk Sara's life, when so short a time might set him free? All this rushed through his mind while he sat still in the same attitude in which he had listened to the young fellow's story. All this pondering had to be done in a moment, for Powys was standing beside him in all the vehemence of passion, thinking every minute an hour, and waiting for his answer. Indeed, he expected no answer. Yet something there was that must be said, and which Mr. Brownlow did not know how to say.

"You betrayed yourself?" he said, at last; "that means, you spoke. And what did Sara say?"

The colour on Powys's face flushed deeper and deeper. He gave one wild, half-frantic look of inquiry at his questioner. There was nothing in the words, but in the calm of the tone, in the naming of his daughter's name, there was something that looked like a desperate glimmer of hope; and this unexpected light flashed upon the young man all of a sudden, and made him nearly mad. "She said nothing," he answered breathlessly. "I was not so dishonourable as to ask for any answer. What answer was possible? It was forced out of me, and I rushed away."

Mr. Brownlow pushed his chair away from the table. He got up and went to the window, and stood and looked out, he could not have told why. There was nothing there that could help him in what he had to say. There was nothing but two children standing in the dusty

road, and a pale, swarthy organ-grinder, with two big eyes, playing "Ah, che la morte" outside. Mr. Brownlow always remembered the air, and so did Powys, standing behind, with his heart beating loud, and feeling that the next words he should listen to might convey life or death.

"If she has said nothing," said Mr. Brownlow at last from the window, speaking with his back turned, "perhaps it will be as well for me to follow her example." When he said this he returned slowly to his seat, and took his chair without ever looking at the culprit before him. "Of course you were wrong," he added; "but you are young. You ought not to have been placed in such temptation. Go back to your work, Mr. Powys. It was a youthful indiscretion; and I am not one of those who reject an honourable apology. We will forget it for ever—we, and everybody concerned"—

"But, sir," cried Powys.

"No more," said Mr. Brownlow. "Let bygones be bygones. You need not go up to Brownlows again till this occurrence has been forgotten. I told you Sara had sent you the book you left. It has been an unfortunate accident, but no more than an accident, I hope. Go back to your work, and forget it. Don't do any thing rash. I accept your apology. Such a thing might have happened to the best of us. But you will be warned by it, and do not err again. Go back to your work."

"Then I am not to leave you?" said Powys, sorely tossed between hope and despair, thinking one moment that he was cruelly treated, and the next overwhelmed by the favour shown him. He looked so wistfully at his employer, that Mr. Brownlow, who saw him though he was not looking at him, had hard ado not to give him a little encouragement with his eyes.

"If you can assure me this will not be repeated, I see no need for your leaving," said Mr. Brownlow. "You know I wish you well, Powys. I am content that it should be as if it had never been."

The young man did not know what to say. The tumult in his mind had not subsided. He was in the kind of condition to which every thing which is not despair is hope. He was wild with wonder, bewilderment, confusion. He made some incoherent answer, and the next moment he found himself again at his desk, dizzy like a man who has fallen from some great height, yet feels himself unharmed upon solid ground after all. What was to come of it all? And Sara had sent him his book. Sara! Never in his wildest thoughts had he ventured to call her Sara before. He did not do it wittingly now. He was in a kind of trance of giddiness and bewilderment. Was it all real, or had it happened in a dream?

Meanwhile Mr. Brownlow too sat and pondered this new development. What was it all to come to? He seemed to other people to be the arbiter of events; but that was what he himself asked, in a kind of consternation, of time and fate.

From the New York Evening Post.

HOW THEY LIVED IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

A CORRESPONDENT in South Carolina sends us parts of the journal of a South Carolina lady during the latter part of the war and the earlier months of the peace. The following extracts from this journal give a curious and vivid picture of the life led by thousands of women and children during the war. Incidentally, too, the journal gives a very touching story of the fidelity of a brave old colored woman. — Eds. EVENING POST.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Jan. 20, 1865.

I trust that we are now settled for the remainder of the war. I fled first from the seacoast of Florida to Charleston. Thence the bombardment drove me and my poor little children to seek refuge in the up-country. There I was uncomfortable. It was impossible for me to get two rooms together the place was so crowded. And Henry absent from me. He is still in Charleston. And those dreadful shells! I dream of them at night, bursting all about him! May Heaven preserve him! Alas! what is life to me now, but care, grief, and anxiety? Every feeling of my heart seems but another source of suffering. I am a wife, only to grieve for the absence and danger of my husband. I am a mother, only to feel anguish for my children. My little Edward is no better. The doctor tells me that he is ill, in a great degree, from want of proper food. My children are not used to eating corn bread, and I can get nothing else for them.

Dr. Hall is so kind and good! He said that the children in his own family had been suffering from the same cause. Yet he took some silver to dispose of for me to get food for mine.

I was married at the very time that secession took place. I was called a beautiful girl then. Oh, what do I care for beauty now! A little health for my poor Edward — bread for my children, would be wealth to me now.

I read this over. It is so unthankful! I ought to be thankful that I have at length a settled home. No life among my loved ones has been taken from me. My children sleep beside me while I write. To be sure I write by fire-light; but I should be thankful that I have the fire.

Again I sit musing and writing by the fire-light, after my nurse and children are asleep. Dear old soul! I should be thank-

ful that Providence has spared her to me. Dr. Hall has brought me flour and meat, and paid in advance for milk for my baby. Now it is better. Maum Cely showed me how to make pap for it, and it was so well to-day that she went away to wash, and left me with it.

I read in the papers that Savannah has fallen, and I see in the streets a third of the men at home. Oh! how shameful it is! They make every excuse to get out of the army and to stay at home. I hear that one man, at home on furlough, deliberately shot off his thumb the other day to be disabled. I hope they made him go. There was cousin George telling me, to-day, that his old captain has written to the officer — some officer, I do not remember which — to send him on to his company, as they are expecting to meet the enemy. Perhaps he is the only educated man in the company. The rest are all from near the mountains. And instead of going he has gone to the commissary general, and made interest through him for a fortnight's furlough home to see his mother. He says the Confederacy is gone up any how, and he had rather survive it.

The refugees are flying here from Augusta. They say Sherman is marching there. Rents have risen enormously, because so many valuables are sent here for safe keeping, and so many refugees from all quarters are crowding here. George says this place is considered the safest part of the State. He brought me some Confederate money to-day, and told me I might as well use it while anything could be bought with it. I had some on hand, too; but, as I could not buy provisions with it, I had not thought of anything else.

So I went out with him. Dress goods can still be purchased, but at the most enormous prices. I bought a lead-coloured flannel dress for \$400 — \$40 per yard. I also bought bright-colored plaids for the children at the same price.

It seemed to me prodigal and wicked to give so much money. I should not have done it, but George insisted. "You might as well give brown paper," he said; "get it while you can." I bought a bolt of white homespun; also a bolt of checked homespun. Those articles will be of great value to me. I spent all George's money, too; he insisted upon it.

Somehow, I felt for a little while like my old self again. I came home flushed and sparkling, as I used to look. Maum Cely looked gravely at me. She led me to the glass. "Look, Miss Mary," she said, "is

you starved like me? Is you old 'oman, to go trew de street so wid mas' George — and so much sodgers about? Law, Miss Mary, mas' George neber was no 'count. Mas' Henry tell me when he gwine away, to take care of you; and you not gwine out again. If anyting wanted, I kin go. Sodgers not pester me."

I cast my eyes upon the glass. I did look as beautiful as ever — as when I was called the beautiful Miss Moore. But I had no thought of my looks at all. I never remembered my appearance. I was thinking only of necessities and comforts for my children.

General Beauregard has arrived and taken command in the city. I feel easy now. Surely we are safe under his protection. I saw his army enter, for I have lodgings over a store upon Main Street. Every one seems confident now that should that horrid Sherman approach, he and his gallant army can defend us. I told George to-day that he must join his command. To think of the men idling about as they do! Columbia is filled with loafers, who ought to be at the front.

I heard one superintendent of the railroad say that he kept a man out of the army for every mile of road. I heard, too, that he would neither employ negroes nor old men, but gained exemption, in that way, for all his neighbours and friends. To extend his influence. To gain popularity for himself. And oh! how he can talk about patriotism! 'Tis positively disgusting.

But George says his whole fortune is invested in Confederate bonds. If we are conquered, he will get his reward, and that is one comfort.

MONDAY.

General Beauregard is having embankments thrown up to retard Sherman's march. He is coming. They have torn away all the bridges. There will be a siege of the city. The streets are filled with people flying to the country. George is gone to get a wagon for me, but it is raining in torrents. I could not take my children out in such weather — not if I remained here and was killed. I had rather trust to the mercy of the enemy. And oh! where is Henry? his command has not been heard from. Nobody knows what has become of them.

FEB. 20.

It is over. Columbia lies in ruins. It has pleased God to preserve me and my helpless little darlings. I will try to put down a distinct account of it. I left off

where John had gone to get a wagon; but he could not procure one. Only those who had gold and silver coin could do this, and the weather was such that I could not have taken my sick child out.

I told him not to try any more. On Thursday, General Beauregard evacuated the city. He had thought, I believe, that the enemy could not cross the river.

The destruction of the bridges availed nothing. They had bridges with them, and it did not even delay them. On Friday morning, the fatal entrance was made. We were all crowded into an upper room on Main Street. George had dyed his face and hands, and had procured a suit of drayman's clothing. His hair and eyes are so black, that he passed for a mulatto very well. When the enemy entered, he came to my room in this guise, intending to pass as Maum Cely's son. They watched the enemy from the window. I crouched by the fireside. I could only weep, and hold fast my children.

About twelve o'clock they began to fire the city. George had been out, and saw the flames commence at the corner of the block in which I resided. He came in and gave us the news. Maum Cely said she would go out and get help, and charged us to wait until she returned. George and I gathered up what valuables we could. I had a great deal of silver. That he tied up in a sheet, together with the children's clothing. In the mean time, the flames spread with frightful rapidity. Cotton bales had been piled in the street, what for I cannot tell. They took fire; and all hope of saving any part of Main Street was then gone.

The store next to us had caught when Maum Cely came back. She brought with her two negro men. One I recognised immediately: he had belonged to my father. "O Lewis!" I said, "help me!" "Dat we will, missy; we see you safe. Dis my chile," he said, and secured little Harry. "Oh, yes, save my children!" I cried. While we spoke, Maum Cely made the other man (who he was I never knew) throw the mattresses on the floor. She directed me to lie down on them.

They then rolled me up in them, tied all around with the curtains and cord, passing a fold of the curtains over each end. George and one negro took me up. Lewis brought both my children. I knew that they were safe with him. He had a ragged coloured blanket round his neck, and they were concealed under it, and under a ragged overcoat. Maum Cely brought the

bundle of silver and clothing and everything she could.

They went through the yard, into a back street; negroes were rushing in all directions. Everybody was trying to save something, and carrying out bundles. Women and children were screaming. I do not think that we were even noticed in the general confusion. The soldiers did not interfere with anything that the negroes did. They plundered and despoiled everything themselves, and gave to them. I afterwards found that Maum Cely had prevented their entering the upstairs rooms where we were, by declaring that they belonged to her.

When I was set down, I found myself in a little negro cabin, in one of the back streets of the city. Maum Cely had judged aright in supposing that soldiers would be least likely to come there. Lewis's wife lived there, two bedsteads were in the one room of which the cabin consisted. They took everything off of one bed and apologized to me for it. Maum Cely spread my bedding upon it, hung the curtains around it so as to make it a place of concealment, and requested me to lie down in it while she placed my baby there in safety.

The only idea of these my generous friends seemed to be their regret at the familiarity which circumstances imposed, and at the poor accommodation which they were able to offer.

They seemed to think it a matter of course that they should thus protect their master's child. But I could not be thus ungrateful: I thanked them even with tears.

On seeing me safe, the three men went back to Main Street, while Maum Cely remained to guard and protect me.

The flames raged all of that day, and I think that all the houses and stores on Main Street were laid in ashes. The very negroes who had behaved with such generous kindness towards me did not hesitate to plunder other people. Toward night, they returned, laden with flour, meat, sugar, tea, and coffee. Lewis brought some tin cups and plates, expressly for me. Maum Cely made some biscuit and tea, which she served to me and the children, as respectfully as she had ever done. And it was not until I was served that she even began to cook any thing for the rest. They went out of doors to eat, and then all repaired elsewhere for the night, except Maum Cely and Lewis's wife, who remained with me. My own clothing had all been burnt, even the articles which I had purchased with so much pleasure only a few days before. George and Lewis re-appeared the next day,

with some silk dresses and a few other articles, which Lewis had plundered from some one else. George now informed me that he had refused to rejoin the army because he foresaw that I might need his protection, and that he knew the Confederacy was gone up anyhow, as he expressed it.

DARK CORNER, March 10.

I lay concealed among these faithful servants until Sherman's army had left the city. For some time after that, the weather continued dreadful. The rain poured in torrents. The bridges were swept away, and communications interrupted everywhere. It was impossible for George to get me a room in any of the houses that remained standing. In many instances three or four families were already crowded into one house. The negroes generally had enough provisions; but the white people who had been burnt out suffered dreadfully.

The servants gave up their cabin to me during all this time. Maum Cely was in the habit of sleeping in the room with me already, and the presence of Hannah, Lewis's wife, made little difference.

But as soon as the weather cleared, a wagon was procured, and, accompanied by George and Maum Cely, we set out for this place, where I felt sure of being taken in at the same boarding-house where I had formerly staid.

We had almost to beg our way, yet no one refused to take us in at night. It was sufficient to say that we had been burnt out in Columbia to meet with sympathy and kindness everywhere. If I could but hear of Henry's safety, I could bear all that we have gone through.

I made all the journey in a light-colored silk belonging to some one else, with a little shawl pinned over my head.

My children's clothing was most of it saved, but I forgot myself. I still have nothing to wear but those silks, and, of course, no means whatever of supplying my wardrobe.

I fancy that I look strange minding my children while Maum Cely washes for them, in a long-trained silk, a great deal too large and long for me. But I am thankful enough to get the one room now, which I formerly found so uncomfortable, and to be boarding with Mrs. Johnson again.

Two days since I heard that Henry's regiment had never been engaged. Sherman did not go when he was expected. I left a letter for him in Columbia with Lewis, and he promised to find some way of letting him know where I have gone. Truly we have

been chased about, and broken up; but I trust that the same kind Providence which has watched over us so far will yet care for us, and give us rest here.

DARK CORNER, March 30.

Alas for me, poor me! I open my journal and it speaks of rest. Rest indeed—rest for me! As well may the hunted hare speak of rest. Strong men can never know what helpless women and their young children know of suffering: whatever they may endure, it is but themselves. It is we who know the extent of human calamity. Providence did not intend us to struggle with the world alone.

Mrs. Johnson came this morning to ask payment for my fortnight's board. I was obliged to tell her that I had no money; that I thought she could wait until Henry came to settle it. "Wait indeed," she said; "do you wait for food until Henry comes? I had not supposed that a lady of your family and position would come into my house, and eat up the hard earnings of a poor widow without intending payment. If you knew that you had no money, why did you come here?"

Oh! how I wept, I offered her my silver; but she replied that she also had abundance of silver, and that she could not get food for her own. And yet I and my babes have no food but what belongs to this woman.

SAME DAY, EVENING.

This evening she sent me word that she would not turn me out of my room, but that I must find food for myself hereafter.

About six o'clock, Maum Cely came in and found me weeping. I had saved two biscuits from breakfast, these and an apple were all the food that my children had had since morning.

When I told her all about it, she said, "You never mind, Miss Mary, I will feed you: you not gwine to starve while your maumer got two hands. Jest make up de fire," said she, pointing to a pile of sticks which she had gathered before going out in the morning. "Ain't you read in de Bible, dat de Lord feed de raben? Ente you better dan dem?"

Maum Cely returned in a little time with some meal and milk. These articles seemed to me the greatest treasure I had ever seen: but we had no oven nor cooking utensils of any kind. Maum Cely wrapped the dough in brown paper, and baked it in the ashes. We had Lewis's present of cups and plates. While the bread was baking, she sat flat on the hearth looking at it.

"Miss Mary," she said, "I want to larn you how for cook bread for de chilern when I gone out to work. If you kin cook de bread, we do bery well."

We had bread and milk for supper, and all are gone to bed but me. I sit here and write. Truly the Father hath provided. How unthankful I was this morning! How careless I have been of praising him, who is now my only helper! I had rather accept food from her, a thousand times over, than from Mrs. Johnson. She is like mother and nurse both to me.

And to think that I once threw my slipper at her! Her feelings were hurt at the time, too. But they are a forgiving, generous, loving race. I was ashamed, too, for days and days after I had done it, and Henry shamed me so too for it. I can scarcely recall it now without tears; but I will punish myself by writing it down for me to remember. Oh! if we ever regain our lands again, I hope I will remember all this. I have never been half so loving and good to her as she to me.

It happened thus: I was just married a short time, and rather proud of my new position as housekeeper and mistress of an establishment. But Henry's old servants had a way of treating me as a child who knew nothing, and of going to him for directions. It was in vain that I assured them that I was mistress and housekeeper, and that I did know how to keep house. They assumed on all occasions that I did not know. One day Henry and I had just come in from a walk in King Street. I had strictly charged Maum Cely not to put much pepper in the soup, explaining to her that I could not bear pepper, and that Henry could add pepper, but that I could not take it out. I had also locked up the pepper. But it was contrary to her ideas to make soup without a great deal of pepper, and so she came, just as we had come in, to ask Henry for more pepper.

I was just taking off my walking shoes, and putting on my slippers, and I sent the slipper at Maum Cely. She retired instantly with an air of offended dignity. I was so ashamed in a moment, and so was Henry! I sent her by him a silver half-dollar and a message that I was sorry; but the act could not be undone.

APRIL 6, 1865.

I am really happier for some occupation. Maum Cely is up at dawn in the morning. She makes the fire, puts on corn-bread, and then wakes me. She has procured a little oven somewhere. While I am dressing, I

watch the bread, and have learned now how to bake it without burning, and to have it thoroughly done; for if it is the least raw it is very unwholesome for the children. When they wake, I dress them. While I am doing this, Maum Cely gathers dry sticks, chips, &c., for the day. I keep baking bread as long as the fire lasts, so as to use as little wood as possible. Maum Cely always contrives to bring enough to last until the next morning. She never takes breakfast out of our stock, but always get her food where she works.

By sunrise she has brought me a large pail of water, left me wood enough for the day, and is gone to her day's work. In the evening she brings in what she has earned, not in money, but meal or flour, and sometimes meat, milk, or potatoes.

The country people all around are willing to give something for washing, though they do all other work themselves, and she hesitates at nothing that will support us. One day in the week she washes for us and herself, and scours up everything. I clean the oven, put our room in order, patch our clothing, and do all that I can. When the children are dressed and everything in order, I take them out in the fresh air; the spring mornings are lovely, and little Edward is getting quite well. Maum Cely advised me to take an old calico frock of Edward's and make myself a long sun-bonnet. This I have done and contrived a pair of gloves, too. All day I mind the children, but I can do sewing work—I will beg Maum Cely to get me some.

APRIL 30.

Our armies have surrendered. I have always believed our cause a just one, and thus I have always felt sure that we would eventually succeed. Nothing could have been a greater blow to me than this intelligence, unless it had been the death of my dear husband or one of my children. Truly, Providence brings to pass the right.

When I was in Columbia, I asked the Rev. Mr. Chester if he thought that negro slavery could be wrong in the sight of God. His father had been a planter; he was brought up among them; he had every opportunity of knowing their treatment. He told me that he did not think it wrong. His opinion quieted my apprehensions until now—I thought he must know so much better than I.

But I am afraid that we were wrong. I am afraid that on the large plantations, in the absence of the owners, cruelties were committed. It is hard for me to tell what was done, for in good society, and among

educated people, the least harshness would have been regarded as so ungentlemanly or so unladylike. The servants always imposed upon us a great deal, and we found it easiest to let them alone. I know that after I threw the slipper at Maum Cely I never tried to govern the old servants any more. I was so shocked at myself, that I gave them up, and let them have their own way.

MAY 5.

Peace has been declared. Henry has returned. This weary war is over. Henry brought a little purse full of gold pieces. When the soldiers heard of the surrender, they seized upon the quartermaster's office and divided everything there among them, — Confederate money, provisions, and gold and silver.

Henry called Maum Cely, and offered her a gold piece; but Maum Cely refused to take anything. She desired him to get me some clothes and shoes, if he could get anything. She showed him my foot—the shoe has worn through, and the foot blistered wherever it had touched the ground. I did not know she knew it. I had scarcely thought about it.

MAY 7.

Maum Cely came and sat down on the hearth by us just now, and asked Henry what he was going to do. Henry said he thought he could get into business again in Savannah. She then begged him not to spend his money, except in travelling expenses and a little clothing, and not to vary our present manner of living. Henry was unwilling to leave me again dependent upon her. But she insisted that she was happy and well. "Maussa," she said, "Oona is chilers to me. I is work for my chilers. You leff Miss Mary wid me. Go and get work, for I is ole, and I not like to see Miss Mary work and bake bread. But keeps your money, if I git rheumatiz, or de chile sick, I can keep Miss Mary long as I will."

Mrs. Johnson soon sent to dun Henry for our board and for the rent of the room. I was delighted that Henry had the money. Maum Cely was delighted too. He sent Maum Cely to her with the money, and charged her to bring back a receipt. We had forty dollars left, and, to Maum's great satisfaction, Henry reserved twenty dollars for his journey, and with twenty we agreed to purchase clothing and shoes.

MAY 10.

Henry is gone again, but I feel a quiet hope now that he will soon be able to take us to Savannah, and support us there. And I am quite used now to having only meal and milk or potatoes to live on. I am mak-

ing two homespun dresses for myself, and one for Maum Cely. I have a pair of new leather shoes. They are the first leather shoes I have ever worn. I bought them too large on purpose, but they hurt my feet dreadfully. I have made a pair of homespun slippers, to wear in the house. I wanted a few towels very much, but we could not get what could be done without. Mrs. Johnson took away her sheets, which we were using; but Maum Cely washed the silk skirt which I had worn coming from Columbia in the wagon, and with that and the covering which was wrapped around me in the mattresses when I was carried out from the fire, we do very well.

MAY 25.

My little Henry saw some boys shooting crackers in the street to-day; he was so delighted with them that he came to beg me for some, but I could not give him any. Ever since, he has joined to his little prayers every night and morning, "Oh, Good Papa, please give me a pack of crackers!"

One day he said to me, "Mamma, if Good Papa is good and loves us, why don't he give us money and give me crackers? Why does he not let us have corn bread and milk?"

My poor child! I did not know that he could remember anything else but privations.

He is but four years old. I did not think he knew of anything else.

To hear my child speak thus renewed all my sorrow; yet I know that I have been often impatient too.

MAY 28.

Maum Cely brought me a quarter of a dollar in money, with great glee, last night, and, rather than anything for myself, I thought of my little boy's prayer for crackers. Yet I feared she might think that I wasted her earnings if I proposed to buy them. While I hesitated, she read my face, and said, "Miss Mary, if you want tea, or sugar, or what eber you want, you git it." I burst into tears of strangely mingled gratitude and sorrow, and told her about Henry's prayer.

The next morning when he awoke the crackers lay upon his pillow, and were the first thing he saw upon awaking. He instantly clasped his little hands: "Thank you, Good Papa for the crackers." And all day I and he have been so happy!

JUNE 9.

The negroes have been declared free. All masters are commanded "to declare to their freedmen, late their slaves," the news

of their freedom. I told Maum Cely; but I think she imagined it a reproach, a piece of ingratitude on my part, to name it to her.

"No, Miss Mary, I not free — I not free — I not gwyne for free, unless you gwine turn me off when you git rich. No, Miss Mary, your own nigga will neber leff you. I not leff you. I won't leff you."

Mrs. Johnson is very angry about the rent, and makes us very uncomfortable here. She wishes Maum Cely to wash for her family for the rent of this room. I told her that Maum Cely was as free as I was, and that she must ask her. Maum Cely flatly refused, and told her that she had paid her the money and taken her receipt. That Massa Henry would pay when it was due again. "She did not know that white people wanted to be paid by two people. She thought they left that for the niggas."

I heard the contest through the window. I could not help laughing. That witticism of Maum Cely's was in answer to Mrs. Johnson's having told me that she did not think that a lady of my position and family would consume the hard earnings of a poor widow, and not intend to pay.

JULY 12.

I actually dined out yesterday. Mrs. Allen came to see me and invited me to dine. I was to bring the children there early in the morning, and walk back late in the evening. As she lives on a large farm, she had everything much as was usual with her. She had for dinner a pair of roast fowls and a ham, nice loaf bread, and a variety of vegetables — all raised upon her own farm.

I was afraid the children would behave like little savages. I have no knives and forks, and they have been eating with their fingers so long or with a spoon only. I was also afraid that they would eat too much, having generally only the corn bread and milk. Often I have milk enough only for Edward. Mrs. Allen had a large apple dumpling for dessert, and this I did not allow them to touch. I was not intending to take any myself either, that they might not see me partake of what they could not have; but Mrs. Allen bid her youngest daughter take them both away until I had finished. She gave me a cup of tea also; how delightful and refreshing it seemed when I had not seen any for so long a time! I showed her my feet, on which the blisters have become such that I do not know what to do with them. The leather shoes, and coarse, country-made hose, which Henry thought would make me so comfortable, torture me so that I have kept on making rags and pieces of

homespun into slippers, that I might keep up and do my part.

Mrs. Allen dressed them, and bound them up. She had a crutch cut off short, for my use, and says that if I use it for awhile, and do not take the children out, but only sit in the door and watch them play, my feet will get well.

She also sent me home in her wagon, and gave me a dumpling and sauce for the children to eat a little to-morrow; also some flour and butter. I asked her if she thought I could get sewing work anywhere. But she says all the refugees are ready to do sewing, and that few people have it to give.

AUGUST 26.

I have just received a delightful letter from Henry. He has got into business in Savannah, and will come for me and take me to a home in the fall. The gentleman who was formerly his factor has given him a clerkship at five hundred dollars a year. I am sure we can do very well on this, only we could not change the climate at this time of the year; we will have to wait until fall. In the mean time, he will send me some money every month.

From the Spectator.

THE ZOUAVE JACOB.

PARIS has been ringing for the last fortnight with stories about a non-commissioned officer of Zouaves named Jacob — presumably a Jew — who, it seems, claims the power of working miracles, or, if not miracles, cures without any agency save his own will. According to popular rumour, he can cure all diseases in an instant by the glance of his eye, has cured the heir of the Bonapartes of scrofula, has cured Marshal Forey of hemiplegia, has cured the Count de Châteauneuillard, or some such name, of long-standing paralysis, has cured this chiffonier, and that fishwife, and the other Auvergnat porter of most diseases known to man. So profound is the belief in his powers among the lower classes, that the street in which he operates is blocked up; and the police, either moved by the annoyance, or warned by the priests that cures of the kind did not tend to increase belief in Christianity, ordered the exhibition to end. All this is very vague, too vague for comment; but it appears from really respectable testimony that a man of this name,

wearing a Zouave uniform, has really claimed a power of curing by an effort of the will such diseases as have their origin in paralysis of the nerves; that he has either cured, or deceived, or bought certain protectors; and that he has excited a sort of furore among the lower classes. Further, it seems that one Englishman, presumably intelligent and certainly educated, has had access to his room during the cures. The *Birmingham Journal* is not, we fear, a paper quite so much read in London as it deserves to be, but it possesses a Paris correspondent who is certainly a great gossip, and we fear given, when hardly pressed, to trust a little to a very fertile imagination, and who makes upon the subject of this Zouave the following extraordinary statement, by far the most minute which has yet appeared in England. We cannot help the length of a narrative which is well worth the time it takes to read, and which is absolutely essential to our purpose.

"The Zouave admits no one to his presence who is not really afflicted with disease or infirmity; those who are led to the Rue de la Roquette by curiosity being compelled to remain in the waiting-room. Fortunately, I was furnished with a letter from his best friend, and became privileged at once. I entered the room with twenty of the most ragged and dirty of the whole mob, and am thus enabled to describe the scene. The Zouave was standing as if in a reverie when we entered pell-mell into the long, low apartment, where the cures were performed. He was leaning against the wall, with his eyes half open, after the fashion of Sombambula before entering completely into trance, the only difference being in the intense light, shot out from the living orbs beneath the drooping eyelids. He neither spoke nor moved while his father busied himself in arranging the visitors upon the low wooden benches before him. Every crutch and stick was taken from the infirm patients, and placed in the corner behind the door, amid the timid whines of the poor frightened creatures, accustomed to look upon the help afforded by these objects as absolutely necessary to their safety. When all were seated thus, leaning the one against the other, the father, going close up to the son, whispered in his ear. He was aroused in a moment, and coming forward with a movement brusque and hurried, savouring of the military camp, and not in the least of the solemnity of the magician's sanctuary, he walked up and down for a few minutes before the eager line of sufferers. To each he told the disease under which he or she was suffering, and the original cause of the malady; and, as no objection was made in any one case, I am led to suppose him to have been right in all. Presently, however, I observed him to stop suddenly, and fix his eye upon one of the patients who sat at the extreme end of

the second bench, and, after examining him a moment, turn aside with a slight shudder, which I observed was neither of disgust nor dread, but a kind of involuntary recoil. He said abruptly, pointing with his forefinger straight into the face of the individual he addressed, 'I can do nothing for your disease; it is beyond my power; go, and remember it is useless to return.' This was all; but the words acted upon the man like a magic spell. He shook from head to foot, like the aspen-leaf, and tried to gasp out a few words, but whether of prayer or expostulation it is impossible to say, for his tongue seemed paralyzed, and clung to the roof of his mouth, while the Zouave turned aside with an indescribable expression of fear, certainly indicative of a kind of intimidation. But this was soon shaken off, and he again passed before the line, uttering simply the words, 'Rise and walk!' The sound which simultaneously burst from the assembly could find no fitting description in any language. It was a sort of moaning whine, a kind of infantile wailing, evidently produced by fear and doubt. One feeble old beggar woman, whose head had stopped its palsied shaking from the moment the Zouave Jacob had fixed his glittering eye upon her, was the one who gave expression to the feeling which had evidently taken possession of them all. 'Oh, how can I move without my crutches?' and having turned a yearning look towards the corner where these old friends and supporters were standing, with a host of others, she began to mumble and moan most piteously. But the Zouave looked for an instant down the line, with an ominous frown on his brow, as he found that not one of the patients had obeyed his orders. No pretension to the sacred character of a prophet, or inspired seer, was there, for he stamped with such rude violence on the floor that the casement shook again. He almost uttered an oath, but it was unfinished, as he once more uttered the command to rise and walk, so that others might be admitted in their place. Then came the most strange and mysterious moment of the whole ceremony. One by one did every individual seated upon those low wooden benches rise and stand erect. No words can describe the singular spectacle offered by this fearing, hoping, doubting crowd, as each one found himself standing firm upon the legs which for years had ceased to do their office. Some laughed like foolish children, some remained wrapped in stolid wonder, while many burst into the most heartrending paroxysm of weeping. It was then that the Zouave stretched forth his arm and bade them pause. All was hushed and silent for a moment. The pause lasted for some time. I have been told that it is always so, but have not been able to account for its necessity; and then the door was thrown open, and the crippled and the paralyzed, the halt and lame of the hour before, walked from that long, low, half-darkened chamber, with somewhat timid gait, it may be, but with straightened limbs and measured steps, as though no ailment had ever reached them. One or

two amongst the number turned to thank their deliverer, but the Zouave dismissed them brutally. 'Be off; don't stand shilly-shally. You are cured, ain't you? — that's enough — now *pietiez moi le camp!*' In plain English, 'Cut your stick, and be gone!' Before leaving the room, I turned to look at the single patient whose case Jacob had pronounced as being beyond his power to cure — the man was paralyzed in both arms, and his neck twisted all awry. It certainly was a hang-dog countenance — worse than any I ever beheld — and the expression of rage and hate and fear, which it conveyed, was unmistakable. His feet were paralyzed likewise and twined outwards. The Zouave's father searched amongst the sticks and crutches left in the corner for those which belonged to the only cripple destined to remain so, and as he touched each one, looked with inquiring glance towards the unhappy wretch, who answered with an awkward jerk of his wry neck, until he seized upon a sort of wooden shelf or go-cart upon wheels, which the cripple had been used to push before him. A boy came in to help him from his seat, and as he disappeared supported by this aid, he uttered a poignant groan, which resounded through the place with the most weird and terrible effect imaginable. I subsequently inquired of the Zouave by what impression he was made aware of his inability to cure. He answered simply that in cases of this kind a veil seemed to fall before his eyes and impede his view of the patient.'

We need not say we do not ask our readers to believe one word of that most extraordinary statement. We know nothing whatever of the correspondent of the *Birmingham Journal*, except that for years past he has been telling stories in that paper better than almost any one tells them; we do not know his name, and are wholly unable to decide whether he saw all this, or deliberately invented all this, or, as is most probable, pieced together all this from other men's stories, and then made himself the hero of the narrative. That remark about the veil looks decidedly like an invention, for it is Scotch, old Scotch, was the mode adopted fifty years ago by the "seers" of Skye to describe the *modus operandi* of their power of predicting death. Nor do we care much to explain, or try to explain, the impression the Zouave has unquestionably produced in Paris. Our own impression is, we confess, a very strong one, that he is not a fanatic at all, but an impostor, who gets up this drama as an advertisement, with the view of creating an impression — highly profitable in Paris — that he can cure what quacks call "nervous diseases," but that is only a plausible guess. But the story irresistibly suggests the old query, — what amount of evidence would

justify an intelligent human being in believing the facts related of the Zouave? Clearly no statements from unknown newspaper correspondents would justify him, because we have no sufficient proof that they are certain to tell the truth, or intelligent enough to detect falsehood. But how much evidence would do? Suppose, instead of an unknown gossip, a known man, say Mr. W. H. Russell, had signed that wonderful tale, would that have been sufficient? No; for any one individual might have been the victim of an illusion. Well, but suppose a group of known men, say, to make the supposition perfect, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Maurice, Lord Stanley, Mr. Lewes, Professor Huxley, and Sir Henry Thompson — the operator, we mean — had added their signatures to the tale, would that have been sufficient? We believe one-half the educated men in England would say immediately no, that no evidence whatever could prove an occurrence, or rather a series of occurrences, so nearly approaching the miraculous. And yet, if the testimony of many men morally incapable of lying, intellectually more competent to test the deception than any average doubter to test their statements, is not to be accepted, why do we believe anything? Most of us have no better proof that the Queen exists, for, after all, one's eyesight, if fairly considered, is by no means so complete a demonstration of any fact as the testimony of those six men would be. Their six eyesights are worth more than our one, on any rule of evidence worth discussion. There is no proof that we know of that the earth goes round the sun, except the testimony of a good many competent and honest persons that they have seen, or otherwise convinced themselves of, certain phenomena which can be explained only upon that theory. Jacob, as we say, seems to us a vulgar impostor, who has taken in the clever *raconteur* whose account we have quoted; but our contention is that if the six gentlemen named had seen the same incidents, and tested their reality, and signed the storyteller's statement, we should either be bound to accept the facts — their meaning is a different matter — or to state honestly that there are incidents so new, so unusual, and so unlike any previous experience, that evidence in regard to them has no meaning or weight at all. This is the point to which we want to bring our opponents on this subject and never can bring them. Is there any occurrence not involving directly or indirectly a contradiction in terms which they would,

upon the testimony of these six men, when specially interested in investigation, refuse absolutely to believe? And if so, upon what grounds do they accept anything, or build any scheme of scientific, antiquarian, or judicial research? What is the limit, short of a statement which contradicts itself, beyond which testimony has no value? Is there no amount of testimony which would *prove*, prove to a demonstration, that the mere will of a Zouave named Jacob could enable a paralyzed person to walk like a healthy man; and if so, how much? or if not, what is our ground for believing a statement of a gradual cure of similar disease in any hospital in Great Britain? Upon the answer to those questions, upon the establishment, if it be possible, of some distinct canon as to the value of evidence, depends the whole utility of inquiry into the more recondite phenomena of nature, and half the value at least of modern theologic discussion.

You are trying, we shall be told, to prove, on scientific grounds, the scientific value of an unscientific credulity. Well, well, well! never mind about names. Call it credulity or faith, superstition or conviction, the point remains the same. Is there, or is there not, a possible amount of human testimony which *ought* to produce certainty as to a particular event in a reasoning mind, which in truth, for all purposes of subsequent investigation or theory-building, *makes* it a fact, as much to be reckoned with as the appearance of an unexpected comet in an astronomer's calculations? We contend that there is, and must be, and have as yet seen no answer from the honestly sceptical side which does not involve the unscientific conclusion that there are facts not impossible *in se*, which yet are so unlikely that no amount of evidence would prove that they occurred. The unlikelyest thing we know of is that a grain of wheat should be buried, and then months afterwards shoot out sixty other grains — he *was* a speculator, the genius who first tried that! — but still one believes it, and acts on the belief. *Why*, if testimony to the unlikely has a limit to its force?

From The Fortnightly Review.

ROMAN, ANGLICAN, AND PROTESTANT SACRED MUSIC.

A MAN must be singularly ill-informed or singularly unsympathetic who does not view the changes at present going on in the life of English society with a quite unusual

degree of interest. It is not that we have just now arrived at one of those periods of crisis which to a certain class of minds seem to be chronically imminent, but which in truth rarely occur, either in our individual histories or in the histories of nations. The special interest of our time lies in its being eminently a period of transition, not merely in one or two details of thought and activity, but in almost the whole range of opinion, belief, and practical action. This transition, too, has really been in progress for many years past, and it seems probable that many years have yet to come and go before the movements now at work shall have wrought their natural results, and we are fairly lodged in the new state of things to which we are tending. But yet, so far as can be judged, we shall soon arrive at a stage when these tendencies will exhibit themselves and their operations in a far more striking aspect than any which they have yet assumed, and will thus enable us to forecast the future with anticipations of a more trustworthy sort than those guesses which have been hitherto the utmost upon which a cautious mind would venture. In the regions of politics, of social life, of trade and manufacture, of metaphysical and scientific speculation, and of religious belief, everything is moving onwards to something new and unknown; and everywhere signs are exhibited which show that the movement is as profound in its depth as it is extensive in its range. It is evident, moreover—at least, so it appears to me—that the whole of these changes, in their vast variety and apparent unconnectedness, are really due to one cause—namely, the recognition of the truth that all belief and all action should be founded on observed facts, and not upon the hypotheses of the past. We may be still destined to be, to no small extent, the victims of our own prejudices or dreams; and there may be grounds for imagining that the capacity for scientific observation and correct reasoning will never be much more general than it is at this hour. Nor, again, is it to be expected that intelligences at once versatile, correct, enlarged, and profound, will ever be less rare than they are at this day, and than they have been during the past. Those who can thoroughly understand the leading facts and the principles of more than one province of thought and knowledge will ever be the exceptions, even amongst the most cultivated classes; so that there is too little hope that the bigotries and intolerances from which scarcely any class of thinkers is now free will ever cease. Still,

when we penetrate below the surface, in every one of the subjects which I have named we detect one universal tendency urging all alike in the same direction. Amidst an ever-increasing shattering of old beliefs, there is an ever-increasing desire for the attainment of some state in which conviction and practical life may attain a condition of permanence, as resting upon incontestable facts, and corresponding to what we call, in mechanics, a condition of "stable equilibrium," as distinguished from that "unstable equilibrium" with which past generations have often been so unaccountably satisfied.

On first thoughts it may seem fanciful to connect with these tendencies that increasing love for music in public worship which is so striking a phenomenon of the religious movement of to-day. Yet the connection is real nevertheless. It is a result of the slowly advancing conviction that the regulations of a series of acts which are to be performed by men and women should be based on a recognition of the facts of human nature, and not on the traditions of theological controversy and the blind bigotries of the past. If the movement is still chiefly confined to the Anglican and Dissenting communities, it is because the Roman Catholic clergy are always the slowest to look at actual facts in the face, and are absolutely convinced that there is nothing to be learnt from Protestantism. They are, moreover, so penetrated with the fear that any hints they may borrow from Protestants may be regarded as a confession of their own fallibility, and as a sort of misprision of heresy, that they close their eyes to the most obviously useful practices, if only they have been originated by their detested rivals. In England, too, the presence of a powerful Establishment, and of a vast body of intensely anti-Roman Nonconformists, quickens these prejudices to a degree little known in such countries as France and Germany, and blinds the eyes of the Catholic authorities to the suicidal nature of various practices to which they cling, as if they were among the very essentials of the Christian religion. In the Church of England on the contrary, the advance of enlightened ideas as to the office of music in religious worship has been wonderful, though as yet neither her clergy nor laity seem to have mastered the principles involved in the subject. The progress that has been made has been solely of that tentative, rule-of-thumb description which is satisfactory only up to a certain point. Were it not for their prejudices, indeed, they would study more carefully the

whole system of the Roman Communion itself, and ask themselves how it is that, viewed from the æsthetic and devotional points of view, the Roman ideal of a public religious service exhibits a vitality co-extensive with the Roman Church itself, while the same ideal prevails throughout the Greek Church, and in fact among every denomination of Christians except those whose doctrines were originated by the reformers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Having adopted the hymn-singing of the Nonconformist and foreign Protestant, first introduced into the Church of England by the evangelical party, it is surprising that as yet the Anglican clergy know so little of that Roman theory as to the use of sacred music which is undoubtedly one of the chief causes which make Catholic services popular among their own poor, while the poor are precisely that very class which Anglicanism has hitherto failed to attract and conciliate. By degrees, if ever the spirit of common sense and of scientific study of the laws of human nature shall sufficiently leaven the Anglican body, it will all at once occur to its clergy and laity that in cultivating what they call "choral services," with much chanting, and singing of anthems, and intoning of prayers, they are still ignorant of the principles which lie at the root of the whole system of religious worship, when designed for large and half-educated or uneducated congregations of men, women, and children.

Looking, then, at the subject apart from all Roman, Anglican, or purely Protestant prepossessions, certain facts present themselves for recognition whose reality is undeniable. It is undeniable, in the first place, that the act of praying, and all devotional acts, involve a very considerable effort of the thinking faculties. I am, of course, saying nothing about the truth or falsehood of any theological dogma, or of the peculiar benefits which may or may not be expected to follow from addressing ourselves to the Great Creator of all things. Whatever be a man's belief, it is incontestable that the mental act of prayer requires an application of the thinking powers to which very few persons are equal, for any long period of time. To suppose that men and women who spend their lives in a routine of active life can conduct an intellectual exercise of a very high order for an hour, or an hour and a half, every Sunday morning, and can repeat the process again in the afternoon or evening, is to expect impossibilities. Even to the highly-cultivated intelligence, sustained by a strong personal

interest in the dogmatic peculiarities of some special creed, such an act requires no slight effort. To the enormous majority such a prolonged devotion becomes a formality, an hypocrisy, and a sham. I do not, of course, pretend that it is a conscious hypocrisy, or a deliberate sham, with the hundreds of thousands of sincere people who go through the process once, or twice, or thrice a week in England. What I mean is, that, with the vast majority of the respectable Church of England congregations, the share they practically take in her services is of the nature of a listening to other persons reading or singing, and not, as they persuade themselves, an actual personal sharing in the supplications offered up. They profess to be sharing in "common prayer;" and by fits and starts no doubt they do share in it; but in reality this Anglican theory of "common prayer," by which everybody is intended to embody his thoughts and aspirations in one identical series of words, uttered, either aloud or only mentally, in conjunction with a clergyman who acts as their leader, utterly breaks down, and results in a something else, which is nothing more than a mixture of the feelings produced by the Roman system with those produced by the Nonconformist system. We are in the habit, indeed, of condemning this latter system with unreserved severity, on the ground that it is intellectually impossible to join in the petitions of an extemporary prayer, of which we know nothing beforehand. Consequently, these extemporary prayers are nothing but "oblique sermons," as they were happily named by Archbishop Whately. And yet, to the marvel of all devout Anglicans, the English poor like these Dissenting services, which consist of nothing but professed sermons, oblique sermons, and hymns; and they profess themselves highly refreshed and edified by these very prayers which to the world in general are no prayers at all. In fact, a "gift" at pouring forth a stream of eloquent supplications, redolent of that peculiar and unctuous flavour which to the genuine Anglican and the Roman Catholic alike is intolerable and repellant, is a qualification held in high esteem by English Nonconformists and Scotch Presbyterians. But the cause of the popularity of these services with the poor is the fact that no excessive demand is thereby made upon their capacities. It is in reality nearly all preaching, which they can listen to with pleasure and interest; and they are only called on to pray in the shape of hymns, into the singing of which they enter with a fervour and a

zeal amazing to those who know only the frigid propriety of congregational singing in nineteen out of every twenty Church of England places of worship. That this extemporary praying was set up by the ultra-Protestant reformers for very different reasons is true enough. These reformers, who in their hatred to Popery and Prelacy forbade all praying from a book, unknowingly hit upon a practice which, in substituting oblique sermons for prayers, fell in with the intellectual incapacities of the ignorant and the poor.

The Roman Church, on the other hand, systematically adopts the practice upon which ultra-Protestantism has accidentally stumbled. It aims at establishing a community of idea, of feeling, and of intention in the members of a congregation, while the Church of England system insists upon a literal and verbal community. While the officiating priest, or whoever it may be who conducts the service, has to follow the course prescribed in the authorised formularies of the Church, the utmost possible latitude is allowed to the individual members of the congregation as to the mode in which they will conduct their personal devotions. Every one is permitted to use any book of prayers he may choose, or no book at all, or simply to read when he is tired of praying, just as it pleases him. And this custom prevails, not only in such sacerdotal services as that of the mass, but in others which are theoretically congregational. The liberty of the individual is complete. And it is from this peculiarity of the Roman practice, as differing from the Anglican and the distinctively Protestant, that the characteristics of the specially Roman Catholic form of sacred music derive their origin.

While the purely Protestant, or hymn-singing school of music, is not unknown either in Anglican or Roman practice (the distinctively Anglican or "Cathedral" service being nothing more than an elaborate adaptation of the mode of chanting the "offices" of the Roman breviary, as practised in conventual and caputular Catholic churches), the distinctively Roman school of music is professedly written for the purpose of being listened to by a congregation. Protestant Dissenters and English Low Churchmen have always utterly repudiated and denounced such a practice, as profane, unspiritual, and contrary to the very idea of religious worship. There are signs, indeed, that the old bigotries are breaking up, and choral services are becoming popular in the most unexpected quarters. Anglicanism has, moreover, always admitted

theoretically the lawfulness of the Roman view of the functions of sacred music, by the singing in cathedrals of that peculiar form of composition which for some unaccountable reason is called an "anthem," but which everywhere, except in England, goes by the equally unmeaning term, a "motett." Still, there has always existed so wide a difference between the Anglican and the Roman ideals, that the characteristics of the Catholic school remain to this day as marked and distinct as ever. Wherever the appliances of an individual parish or church are equal to the attempt, it is the Catholic instinct to make the performance of long and elaborate compositions a prominent feature in every important public service. And hence the creation of those innumerable works which go by the name of "Masses," which in reality contain no words that are not found in the Church of England communion service, but which in the eyes of suspicious ultra-Protestantism are supposed to bristle with all the abominations of Popery. Such, also — to mention compositions with which everybody is familiar — are Rossini's "Stabat Mater" and Mendelssohn's "Lauda Sion," which, though the words are simply metrical hymns, usually sung to a simple hymn tune, are yet considered fit material for working out into a series of songs, concerted pieces, and choruses, after the pattern of the regular oratorio or cantata. So thoroughly is this view of the function of music rooted into the Roman system, that the priest who is celebrating a "high mass" sits down, with his assistant deacon and sub-deacon, and pauses in his personal work, whenever the musical compositions sung by the choir demand it. The "Gloria in excelsis," for instance, and the "Credo," in an elaborate musical mass, occupy, say, ten or perhaps twenty minutes, while the priest at the altar recites the same words in a subdued voice almost in as many seconds. Acting upon the same principle, it has been the practice of many of the most accomplished foreign musicians, from Palestrina downwards, to set the Vesper and other psalms in the Roman breviary to music of a highly elaborate character; so that instead of being simply chanted, as they are in English cathedrals, the psalms of the day, either in whole or in part, constitute the words of a long piece of music to which the congregation simply listen. This practice, too, is partially adopted in Anglican churches when the *Te Deum* or any "Canticle" is sung, not to a chant, but to a more or less developed piece of harmony or counterpoint. On rare and great

occasions, indeed, the Roman system has been introduced in its amplest completion; as, for instance, when Handel wrote his famous *Te Deum* for performance at the public thanksgiving for the victory of Dettingen. Still, while each distinctive form of religious music exists in use both in the Roman and the Anglican Churches, the fact remains that through the prevalence of different ideas as to the office of music in religion, we find in each one of the three great sections of European and non-Russian Christendom a special development of one of the three forms of musical expression. Protestantism proper relies upon the metrical hymn, Anglicanism is distinguished by the chant in its various modifications, and Roman Catholicism by its elaborate orchestral and vocal masses and motetts.

Viewed as compositions and works of art, the productions of the Roman and the Anglican schools are strikingly dissimilar. While the chant in an English cathedral, well performed by a sufficient choir, is singularly beautiful and expressive, and far more perfect than any thing of the same kind to be heard abroad, except in rare instances, the anthems and the services, as the more lengthy settings of the *Te Deum* and Canticles are termed, are for the most part dull and dreary compositions. It is the fashion with some English critics to praise the cathedral school of music as if it were really a great and noble school; and undoubtedly it counts among its composers several respectable names, and a few great names even. But as a whole, it is respectable and dull, and nothing more. Whatever natural gifts may have been possessed by our writers of anthems and services, they have been neutralised by two causes — the necessity of writing vocal music to be sung with an organ accompaniment, and the short period allowed by the traditions of Anglican worship for the performance of a work in many divisions. The organ, glorious and unapproachable as it is in its own way, and admirable as an accompaniment to a large mass of voices singing a simple melody simply harmonised, is too solid and massive in its tones to accompany the human voice in delicate solos, duets, or concerted pieces. In the hands of a player of distinguished skill and unusual sensibility it is a barely tolerable substitute for the string and the wind instruments of an orchestra in the accompaniment of rich, florid, or highly-wrought vocal music. But I believe that every skilled professional composer would agree with me in holding that the great works of the great masters of sacred music, whether

Catholic or Protestant, whether masses, motetts, or oratorios, would never have been called into existence had their authors been limited to an organ accompaniment. The greatest organist composers that the world has ever known, such as Handel, Sebastian Bach, and Mendelssohn, invariably wrote their sacred vocal music to an orchestral accompaniment; and when Handel was called in to write a *Te Deum* for a great national rejoicing, like Purcell before him, he broke through all the traditional meshes of the cathedral system, and wrote for a full orchestra. Even far less men than Handel and Purcell have shown how much was in them when they could escape from the trammels of the organ, and revel in the delicacies and capabilities of strings and wood and brass. Boyce was one of these. His various anthems and services are generally worthy of attention; but in his anthem, "Lord, thou hast been our refuge," which is for a full orchestra and divided into a series of well worked-out movements, he appears almost a man of genius.

Then, again, it is altogether impossible to write effective songs or choruses when the whole composition is to take in the performance only a few minutes. It is as impossible as it would be to make a five-act tragedy last only half an hour, or to compress the Iliad into a single book. Musical beauty is dependent upon the melodic and contrapuntal development of melodious phrases, which in themselves will have no character at all unless extended to a certain length. But the rules of the typical cathedral anthem permit nothing of this. A composition may contain three or four separate movements, but it must be all over in about the time that would take to perform a single air or chorus in an oratorio. Consequently, with few exceptions, the cathedral anthem is a collection of short pieces, made up of mere musical phrases, rarely original, and almost always cold and fragmentary. And the demand for something more æsthetically complete and less chilling to the feelings has of late years become so decided, that it is now common to hear anthems which are simply adaptations of foreign compositions to English words. Thirty or forty years ago, and still earlier, the innovations were beginning, and Pergolesi, Haydn, and Mozart were laid under contribution to enliven the stately cathedrals and college chapels, where nothing more exciting than the solid gravities of Croft or the inanities of Kent had been heard for three centuries before. Altogether, it is clear that the Roman idea as to the practically religious effect of the mere listening to

sacred music is steadily on the increase among English churchmen who are guiltless of even the faintest Romanising tendencies, although the real ground on which the practice is to be advocated is little understood. At present, too, the whole matter is complicated by the advance of the Ritualist school and all its dogmatic extravagances. Nevertheless, there is not the smallest connection between the use of music as the vocal expression of devout feeling, or as a stimulant to a healthy religious mental activity, and any special dogmatic system whatever. Among the first of the Protestant Nonconformist bodies to cultivate religious music in public services was the Unitarian community; and at the present moment it is difficult to name a church or sect where the new ideas are not making way. And just in proportion as the fierceness of Ritualist and anti-Ritualist, and of Catholic and Protestant polemics dies away, it will be perceived that it is of the very essence of music, whether in the form of a brilliant orchestral mass, or of a grave and noble chant, or of a hearty popular hymn, absolutely to be non-dogmatic; expressing, not the creeds of Trent, or Lambeth, or Geneva, but the devout sentiments of every man who adores, loves, and "feels after" Him, "the True God"—if I may again quote the words of Fichte, lately quoted by Professor Tyndall in these pages—"in whom we all are, and live, and may be blessed, and out of whom there is only death and nothingness."

Apart, therefore, from all questions as to the abstract truth or error of any dogmatic creed, it is to me a source of unflinching interest to watch the gradual and steady advance in this popular cultivation of music, as a most powerful instrument for civilising, humanising, and spiritualising an age which certainly is in sore need of every such elevating influence. Amidst the breaking up of old beliefs, the conflicts of contending superstitions, and the groping, trembling, and almost shuddering efforts of many of the leaders of popular thought, after some sure basis for present self-devotion, and some ground for future hope—amidst all this, it is a pleasure, and more than a pleasure, to see that we are firmly holding to something which is not a delusion or a sham. Whatever else may be false or transitory, it is certain that the sources of the power of musical expression, and of its astonishing practical influence on human action, lie deep down in the recesses of our nature. The writer of the book of Genesis describes what he held to be a supernatural confusion of tongues as a punishment for the building of a tower to

defy the Divine power. The Greeks, or some of them, believed that when Pandora, by opening her box, sent forth a host of curses to make man's life a misery, Hope was given to bear him up against his sorrows. To us, in the midst of our confusion of tongues, and of the swarm of troubles and perplexities in which we are tossing to and fro, Music remains as the one universal language, intelligible to all, and the one relief which may be applied to every sort of suffering. Every attempt, therefore, which is made to bring the vast, struggling, weary multitude within its influences, is to me not merely a matter of interesting intelligence, but a fresh help to the conviction that after all humanity is on its way to better things. It is interesting, whatever form it takes,—whether that of a decently conducted music hall, or a ballad concert, or in connection with a penny reading, or as a performance of Sunday bands in the parks, or as those "Sunday Evenings for the People," in which a few men of high position in the scientific world recently attempted to combat the jealousies and follies of Sabbatarianism. But if the view which I have here most imperfectly advocated is true, all these would be trifling in importance compared with any serious attempt at employing the powers of music for the distinct purpose of religiously influencing the poor, the ignorant, and the criminal, apart from the proselytising aims of any one religious denomination. As matters now stand, no one religious body succeeds in making a wide and permanent impression either upon the skilled or the unskilled manual labour of England. Each one, by its narrowness and its inflexibility in adhering to the traditions of the past or to some arbitrary code of rules and rubrics, neutralises the influence it might exert on the seething mass of ignorance and brutality. Each has its own musical system; but that system is neither planned nor carried out with special reference to those regenerating powers which are latent in music itself. Its music is the adjunct or servant to some definite doctrinal creed, and is not designed simply to be the preacher of practical religion to the untaught listener, or to be no more than the voice of the humble piety of the poor man and his family. The wealthy and the middle classes have their oratorios, their choral services, and their masses, which serve to soothe and elevate them, and satisfy their utmost longings. But the hard-working and the outcast are forgotten, and all they know of the divine influence of musical sound is "the lengthened sweetness long drawn out" of grand-

organs, or niggers minstrels or coarse ballads, or the howlings of some half-tipsy street singer, who makes day hideous in the London slums.

J. M. CAPES.

From the Saturday Review, Aug. 31.

THE CRISIS ON THE CONTINENT.

No sooner had the Emperor of the French returned from Salzburg than he began to take measures to reassure Europe. First he spoke to several hundred schoolmasters, and, feeling that they would like to be addressed in the language which they are accustomed to use, he informed them that patriotism and religion are the keys of happiness. Then he went on to Arras and Lille, and made speech after speech of the most pacific kind. He spoke of his own position with much confidence and candour. Weak princes, on tottering thrones, detested and distrusted by their subjects, might be allowed to feel the temptation to distract the attention of their country from dwelling on home grievances by plunging into foreign wars. But he had no occasion for this. He was the elect of eight millions, and those millions were faithful to him still. Wherever he went he found that he and the EMPRESS were dear to the crowds that assembled to welcome them, and his son also came in for their blessings. Peace, which was thus possible for him because he was strong and beloved, was also the wisest policy for him and for every one else. But he could not avoid seeing that there were mistaken persons who were bent on forcing on a war, who frightened themselves and their neighbours by their foolish alarms, and who took every occasion to represent war as altogether unavoidable. Such men were, he said, very bad friends to their country, and were very small and narrow-minded politicians. They could not look on things as a whole. Now he ventured to ask the inhabitants of Arras and Lille to contemplate his career since he had had the whole power of France in his hands, and they would, he felt satisfied, come to the conclusion that he had been on the whole very successful. That the sun had spots he frankly owned, and one of these spots has lately been apparent to all the world. The Mexican expedition was a sad failure; but then impartial men must allow that, when

it was first undertaken, it was a very promising enterprise. There was, it is true, a fundamental error pervading it. For its success, it was necessary that the Mexicans should have some good qualities, some wish for improvement, some gratitude for kindness. As it happened, this was altogether a mistake. The Mexicans were unmitigated blackguards, and there was no doing anything with them. But although this mistake was made, and although Mexico has been, as it must be confessed, a dark spot, yet the generally luminous character of the EMPEROR's reign remains unaffected. Such a ruler can afford to be sincere, and to deal honestly with his people. He says that he means peace, and he therefore ought to be believed. There ought to be no foolish national jealousies, no criticism of the policy of the Government, no attempt to prescribe the course which the Government ought to follow. The Government is wise and good, and knows what is best for every one. At present it knows that peace is the best of all good things; and as it knows this, its conclusions ought to be universally accepted, and every one ought to be pacific and contented.

Such ought to be the general feeling, but it is not. Instead of feeling pacific and happy, every one sets himself to think what the EMPEROR can mean by talking so much about peace. Is it his little pleasant way of concealing a purpose of war? Last year he spoke very warlike words, and peace followed; now that he speaks very peaceful words, war may follow. In itself such a speculation as this would not come to much. It would only amount to telling us that the EMPEROR is not to be trusted—that he says one thing and means another. But the EMPEROR has done something more lately than talk of peace in French towns. He has been to Salzburg, and there he has talked something, whether tending to peace or war, with the Emperor of AUSTRIA. It is difficult to see how this meeting can have been one in the interests of peace. If the EMPERORS wished for peace, they might very easily have had it. They had only to stay each in his own dominions, and mind his own business. But they have met, and spent nearly a week in talking politics, and they can scarcely have done this for nothing. In spite of all the speeches about patriotism and religion, and all the proofs that the EMPEROR must be peaceful because he is so strong, there remains the plain question, why did the EMPEROR go to Salzburg? The official answer is that France is very peaceful, and Austria is very

peaceful. They want nothing that does not honestly belong to them. All they wish is that the Treaty of Prague should be rigorously observed. By this treaty Prussia is bound to allow the States of South Germany to form themselves into an independent Confederation, and she is also bound to refer the question of the nationality of North Schleswig to the decision of the North Schleswigers themselves. All that France and Austria ask is that Prussia will do what she has engaged to do, and will be kind and friendly to the Danes, and will not interfere directly or indirectly in the affairs of South Germany. This is all that is asked, and very moderate it seems. Prussia is only to do what she is bound to do. But no one who knows the circumstances believes that the case is quite so simple as this statement of the facts might lead us to suppose. How far does North Schleswig extend? The Danes had a dim notion that it must be large enough to include Alsen and Duppel; but Prussia laughed at the notion that she could be called on to give up positions that she had spent much and endured much to win. And at last the Danes, who had taken to very grand ways and seemed like heroes on the eve of a gigantic conflict, have had orders to be tamer and more sensible; and the probabilities are that the North Schleswig business will not henceforth give much trouble. The Danes will be told by their big friends at Vienna and Paris to keep quiet, and they are sure to obey. But this only makes the crisis more dangerous as regards South Germany. In the matter of Schleswig, it is very hard to prove Prussia in the wrong. No attempt, therefore, is to be made to cast odium on Prussia for what she has done to Denmark; and the attention of men is concentrated on that which is to be made the main grievance, the relations of Prussia to Southern Germany. If the Treaty of Prague is to be observed to the letter, the Northern States are to be kept apart from those States which form what was meant to be the Southern Confederation. The Treaty of Prague contemplates these Southern States as independent of Prussia, and recognises Germany as divided into three sections. To aim at the unity of Germany is, therefore, to violate the Treaty of Prague, and to uphold the Treaty of Prague is to oppose the unity of Germany.

The Prussian papers naturally talk much less pacifically than the EMPERORS do. They say very plainly that a sort of challenge has been given to Prussia and to Germany, and they are quite ready to

accept it. Out of this state of things war might grow so easily that it would be much more probable than not that a few months will see the beginning of a campaign, were it not that there is no overt act of defiance which either party can feel itself impelled to take. If France is pacific, Prussia in her turn may be passive. She is not called on, in her own defence or for her own honour, to violate any article of the Treaty of Prague. She does not wish that the States of the South should change their position at present. She much prefers that they should remain outside the Confederation of the North, which already contains many adverse and unreliable, and perhaps even some dangerous, members. Meanwhile the effect in the South of the league between France and Austria can scarcely fail to be favourable to Prussia. The South Germans see clearly before them the choice of being the vassals of France or the allies of Prussia. An alliance with Prussia is not exactly the alliance they would wish for. They do not like Prussian officials, or the Prussian conscription, or the Prussian system of high-handed government. But to Germans anything is better than not being German. The necessities of daily life, the interchange of commodities and material interests in every shape, will add continually to the practical union which will subsist between the North and the South. The Prussians cannot avoid seeing that time is working in their favour, and that they can afford to wait, and need not wish to violate the Treaty of Prague in any flagrant manner. In this lies the real hope of peace. Why should any one begin to take a step that must lead to war? Prussia, in letting things remain as they are, is getting what she wants, and France and Austria are pledged not to interfere if Prussia lets things go on as they are. The only thing is that the Emperor of the FRENCH speaks of his recent policy as a decisive one. France, he says, has resumed her proper place in Europe; but how has she done this? If France is to wait and do nothing as long as Prussia keeps quiet, and if this keeping quiet is obviously and avowedly preparing the way for Prussia to exercise a supremacy, in one shape or other, over the whole of Germany, how can it be said that France has resumed her proper place, or got any advantage whatever? Prussia has lost nothing and France gained nothing by the meeting at Salzburg; and if this is so, the effect which that meeting was intended to produce is at an end. Prussia has not yielded anything, nor has France done any-

thing on which she can pride herself. And in this lies the great danger of war — that France is thus in a manner defeated by peace. But this is, we may hope, a somewhat remote danger; it is not like the danger, or rather the certainty, of war that would exist if there were some distinct act which Prussia was known to be desirous to do, and which France distinctly forbade her to do. Things may remain quiet until the general feelings of Frenchmen and Germans are a little altered, until internal changes take place in one country or the other, until France can do something in some other quarter to make it evident that she has resumed her proper position. Still the state of things is exceedingly critical, and we must not allow ourselves to be too readily cheered by the pacific speeches of the EMPEROR.

From the Saturday Review.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL ON SOUND.*

PROFESSOR TYNDALL deservedly holds a place among the foremost of our lecturers on science. His style is clear, connected, and animated. He has the art of seizing at once the most essential and prominent features of his subject, while at the same time throwing himself into the mental position of his auditors, so as to appear a fellow-learner with them. It is thus that he seems to make himself a link of intelligence between them and the body of facts under illustration, and to enable them, so to say, to see through the medium of his own mind. His experiments are unsurpassed in neatness, and never miscarry. The lecturer's voice and manner join with the habitual perspicuity of his language in engaging the attention and kindling the intelligence of his hearers. A certain glow of enthusiasm acting upon a fine imagination and a happy command of language gives an air of poetry to what in common hands is often bald, prosaic, and uninviting in the extreme, and throws an artistic finish over the hard substratum of fact. We are glad to have the opportunity of studying in print the series of lectures on Sound which during the last season drew full and attentive audiences to the lecture room of the Royal Institution.

We cannot say that these lectures strike us as equally interesting with the previous series on Heat. Not that they exhibit by comparison any defect in the lecturer's treatment of the subject, in the fluency of his language, or the clearness of his experiments. The falling off, if any, is due to the subject itself. In dealing with the phenomena of sound we find ourselves shut up at once in a comparatively restricted area. The medium within which we move is more limited, and affords less scope for wide-spread and glowing speculations. The phenomena of light and heat connect us immediately with the furthest range of cosmical forces, and carry us on the wings of imagination to the extremes of infinite space. But the facts relating to sound lie essentially within the narrow bounds of our atmosphere. They are not cosmical, but terrestrial. Imagination itself is distanced the moment we try to pass beyond the limited aerial envelope which swathes our planet, and which conveys to us all we are capable of knowing of the nature of sound. Observation gives us direct evidence of the agencies of light and heat affecting worlds of untold remoteness from our own, and theory can roam at will over realms of space without any misgiving that the analogies of physics as taught us by experience here will fail us wheresoever the eye can extend its range. But what of the nature of sound, when fancy ventures to branch out beyond the few hundred miles within which we seem compelled to limit the acoustic medium, or ocean of air, in whose lower depths we live? Take, as the nearest instance, the moon. Who shall say what are the relations of sound to a planet in which the indications of an atmosphere, if appreciable at all, are so slight and indeterminate? In the presence of vast cosmical convulsions such as the telescope seems to certify as even now in progress in the moon, are we to divest our thoughts of all that class of effects which to us forms perhaps the most emphatic evidence of physical change? Is the crash of worlds before our eyes going on *in vacuo*? Is the moon's rigid metallic crust upheaved and broken, or does the titanic crater sink down into the abyss of central fire, without awaking a vibration in the eternal silence? We can only come back baffled from the feeblest flight into space to make the most that we can of the narrower and more commonplace facts actually within our ken. Even here, too, we soon encounter a further cause of limitation. The widest range of acoustics can be, as we have said, but continuous with the atmosphere whose vibra-

* *Sound*. A Course of Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain. By John Tyndall, LL.D., F.R.S., &c. London: Longmans & Co. 1867.

tions give rise to the property of sound. But there are limits, too, to the powers of the ear or the brain to receive or to appreciate the vibrations of that medium. The range of hearing is no doubt infinitely various among different classes of sentient life. It differs, we find by experience, among individuals in the case of mankind. But the human ear itself at its best is limited in both directions of the scale in its perception of sounds, whether grave or acute. The most satisfactory test of this fact lies in the sensibility of the ear to sounds so sustained as to have a definite or musical pitch. The experiments of men of science have resulted in an arithmetical scale for the normal power of the organ of hearing:—

Savart fixed the lower limit of the human ear at eight complete vibrations a second; and to cause these slowly recurring vibrations to link themselves together, he was obliged to employ shocks of great power. By means of a toothed wheel and an associated counter, he fixed the upper limit of hearing at 24,000 vibrations a second. Helmholtz has recently fixed the lower limit at 16 vibrations, and the higher at 38,000 vibrations, a second. By employing very small tuning-forks, the late M. Depretz showed that a sound corresponding to 38,000 vibrations a second is audible. Starting from the note 16 and multiplying continually by 2; or more compendiously raising 2 to the 11th power, and multiplying this by 16, we should find that at 11 octaves above the fundamental note the number of vibrations would be 32,778. Taking, therefore, the limits assigned by Helmholtz, the entire range of the human ear embraces about 11 octaves. But all the notes comprised within these limits cannot be employed in music. The practical range of musical sounds is comprised between 40 and 4,000 vibrations a second, which amounts, in round numbers, to 7 octaves.

Dr. Wollaston was the first to take note of the difference that exists in the power of hearing between different persons. While employed in estimating the pitch of certain sharp sounds, he was struck with the total insensibility of a friend to the sound of a small organ-pipe which, in respect to acuteness, was far within the ordinary limits of hearing. The acoustic sense in this case extended no higher than four octaves above the middle E of the pianoforte, while other persons have a distinct perception of sounds two octaves higher. Professor Tyndall has accumulated various instances of the limits at which the power of hearing ceases in different individuals. The squeak of the bat, the sound of the cricket, even the chirrup of the common house-sparrow, are un-

heard by some persons who possess a sensitive ear for lower sounds. The ascent of a single note is sometimes sufficient to produce the change from sound to silence. Two persons, neither of them deaf, may be found, the one complaining of the penetrating shrillness of a sound, the other maintaining that no sound exists. In the *Glaciers of the Alps*, Professor Tyndall has referred to a case of short auditory range of this kind. While crossing the Wengern Alp his ear was rent with the shrill chirruping of the insects which swarmed in the grass on either side of the path, while a friend by his side heard not a sound of all this insect music. The pitch of sounds has something closely analogous to the various hues of light, which are excited by different rates of vibration. Both alike arise out of the pulses or waves of their respective media. But in its width of perception the ear greatly transcends the eye. The chromatic scale over which the eye ranges consists but of little more than a single octave, while upwards of eleven octaves lie within the compass of the ear. The quickest vibrations or shortest waves of light, which correspond to the extreme violet, strike the eye with only about twice the rapidity of the slowest or extreme red of the spectrum; whereas the quickest vibrations that strike the ear as a musical sound have, as Professor Tyndall remarks, more than two thousand times the rapidity of the slowest.

An admirable adjunct to our instrumental means of measuring the lengths of velocities of sonorous waves lies in the syren, the invention of M. Cagniard de la Tour, improved by Dove and Helmholtz. This ingenious little contrivance, of which instructive and amusing use was made by the lecturer at almost every period of his course, is explained at length with the aid of very clear illustrations. A brass disc pierced with four series of holes, 8, 10, 12, and 16 in number, disposed along four concentric circles, is arranged so as to revolve upon a steel axis which passes through a fixed cylinder of brass pierced with a corresponding series of holes. These perforations being made oblique to the surface of the cylinder in one direction, and to that of the disc in the other, a stream of air forced through both series by means of bellows causes the disc to rotate more or less rapidly according to the force of the current. A simple device for registering the number of revolutions enables us to determine the number of vibrations or waves of sound corresponding to the pitch of the notes given out by the syren when in motion. When turned slowly, a suc-

sion of beats or puffs of sound is heard, following each other so slowly that they may be counted. But as the motion increases, the puffs succeed each other with increasing rapidity, till they blend into a deep continuous musical note. With the increased velocity of rotation the note rises in pitch, till it becomes so shrill as to be painful to the ear, and, if urged beyond a certain point, becomes even inaudible to human ears. Not that this last result would prove the absence of vibratory motion in the air. It would but show the incompetence of our auditory apparatus to take up vibrations whose rapidity exceeds a certain limit, or that of our brain to translate them into sound. The eye, as Professor Tyndall proceeds to show, is in this respect precisely similar to the ear.

By means of the syren, the rapidity of vibration of any sonorous body can be determined with extreme accuracy. The body may be a vibrating string, an organ-pipe, a reed, or the human voice. We might even determine from the hum of an insect the number of times it flaps its wings in a second. A tuning-fork to a certain note is sounded for one minute, and the number of revolutions of the disc, when kept in unison with it, is found registered as 1,440. Multiplying this figure by 16, the number of holes open during the experiment, we get 23,040 as the number of puffs of air or waves of sound passing through the syren in a minute, corresponding to the number of vibrations executed by the tuning-fork. Dividing this total by 60, we find the number of vibrations in a second to be 384. We can now ascertain with the same facility the length of the corresponding sonorous wave. The velocity of a sound wave in free air at the freezing-point has been found to be 1,090 feet in a second. In air of the ordinary temperature of a room the distance may be taken at 1,120 feet. Dividing 1,120 by 384, the number of sonorous waves embraced in this distance, we find the length of each wave to be nearly 3 feet. Taking the rates of four different tuning-forks we find them to be 256, 320, 384, and 512, corresponding to wave lengths of 4 feet 4 inches, 3 feet 6 inches, 2 feet 11 inches, and 2 feet 2 inches respectively. "The waves generated by a man's organs of voice in common conversation are from 8 to 12 feet, those of a woman are from 2 to 4 feet in length. Hence a woman's ordinary pitch in the lower sounds of conversation is more than an octave above a man's; in the higher sounds it is two octaves."

These experiments refer exclusively to

the velocity of sound in atmospheric air. An entirely different scale of vibratory motion comes in when we consider the transmission of sound through media of various kinds. The researches of Dulong have given us an experimental table of the velocities of sound through different gases at an uniform temperature. It thus appears that the velocity of sound in oxygen is 1,040 feet in a second, in carbonic acid 858, in carbonic oxide 1,107, and in hydrogen no less than 4,164, the velocity in common air being 1,092. According to theory, the velocities of sound in oxygen and hydrogen should be inversely proportional to the square roots of the densities of the two gases. Oxygen being sixteen times heavier than hydrogen, the velocity of sound in the latter gas ought to be four times its velocity in the former. Experiment shows it to be so very nearly. The velocity of sound in liquids may be determined experimentally as well as by theory, and a table with this view has been drawn up by the late M. Wertheim. Hence we learn that sound travels with very different velocity through different liquids. A salt dissolved in water augments the velocity, and the salt that produces the greatest augmentation is chloride of calcium. Seawater transmits sound more rapidly than fresh. In water as in air, the velocity increases with the temperature. Thus at 15°C. the velocity in Seine water was 4,714 feet, at 30° it was 5,013 feet, and at 60° 5,657 feet, a second. The less the compressibility, the greater the elasticity; and the greater in consequence the velocity of sound through the liquid. In solids, as a rule, the elasticity as compared with the density is greater than in liquids, and consequently the propagation of sound more rapid. In Wertheim's table the velocity of sound through lead at 20°C. is but 4,030 feet a second, that through gold 5,717, through silver 8,553, through copper 11,666, through cast-steel 16,357, and through iron 6,822. As a rule, here too, velocity is augmented by temperature. But in the case of iron a remarkable exception exists. While in copper a rise from 20° to 100°C. causes the velocity to fall from 11,666 to 10,802, the same rise produces in the case of iron an increase of velocity from 16,882 to 17,386. Between 100°, however, and 200°, iron falls from the last figure to 15,483. In iron, that is, up to a certain point, the elasticity is augmented by heat; beyond that point it is lowered. Silver, we learn, is an example of the same kind. The rate of transmission through a solid body depends further upon the manner in which the molecules of the

body are arranged. Heat is found to be conducted with different facilities through wood according as it passes along the fibre or across it, and again as it follows or crosses the igneous layers or rings. In like manner, wood possesses three unequal axes of acoustic conduction. For example, in acacia wood the velocity along the fibre is 15,467 feet in a second, across the rings 4,840, and along the rings 4,436. In pine, the corresponding figures are 10,900, 4,611, and 2,605; in oak 12,622, 5,036, and 4,229. To the extreme elasticity of woody fibres, especially when in a highly dry state, are due the wonderful effects of sound drawn out of the violin, or the sounding-board of the piano. There is practically no limit to the distance through which sound may be transmitted through tubes or rods of wood. The music of instruments in a lower room may be made to pass to a higher floor, where it is excited by a proper sounding-board, being all the while inaudible in the intermediate floors through which it passes. It would be possible to lay on, by means of wooden conductors, the music of a band to a distance in all directions, much as we lay on water. Mr. Spurgeon's voice might be turned on from a main in the great Tabernacle, or Mr. Beales's eloquence from a platform in Hyde Park, to the ears of admirers in every parlour in the metropolis.

The fourth and fifth lectures reproduce and illustrate with much force and neatness the beautiful experiments of Chladni, Wheatstone, Faraday, and Strehlke, by which sonorous waves are made visible by means of the vibrations of metal plates strewn with fine sand. The curved lines, nodes, and other modifications of form which sand or the fine seeds of *lycopodium* exhibit under different degrees of excitement enable the eye to realize the rhythmical relations which belong to the phenomena of sound. The Pythagorean theory of figures, as applied to music, has its counterpart in the geometrical as well as in the arithmetical laws which are shown to govern the movements of sonorous waves. No portion of the present course, however, is more original and striking than that which treats of "sounding flames," or the effects produced by sound upon ignited jets of gas. Some experiments in this direction were made by Chladni and De la Rive towards the beginning of the present century, and Professor Faraday, as early as 1818, showed that certain tones were produced by tubes surrounding the flames of a spirit-lamp or a jet of carbonic oxide. After these experiments,

the first great novelty in acoustic observations was due to the late Count Schaffgotsch, who showed that a flame in such a tube could be made to quiver in response to a voice pitched to the note of the tube or to its higher octave. Where the note was sufficiently high, the flame was even extinguished by the voice. Following up this rudimentary idea, Professor Tyndall was led to take note of a series of singular effects with flames and tubes, in which he and the Count seem to have been running a race of priority. A number of these curious and beautiful phenomena are described in the sixth lecture. The cause of this quivering or dancing of the flame is best revealed by an experiment with the syren. As the pitch of the instrument is raised so as to approach that of the tube, a quivering of the flame is seen synchronous with the beats. When perfect unison is attained, the beats cease, but begin again when the syren is urged beyond unison, becoming more rapid as the dissonance is increased. On raising the voice to the proper pitch, the Professor showed that a flame which had been burning silently began to sing. The effect was the same, whenever the right note was sounded, at any distance in the room. He turned his back to the flame. Still the sonorous pulses ran round him, reached the tube, and called forth the song. Naked flames uncovered by tubes will give forth the same effects if subjected to increased pressure, or suffered to flare. Professor Tyndall ascribes this discovery to Professor Leconte, of the United States, who noticed at a musical party the jets of gas pulsate in synchronism with the audible beats. "A deaf man," he observes, "might have seen the harmony." The tap of a hammer, the shaking a bunch of keys, a bell, whistle, or other sonorous instrument, is answered by the sympathetic tongue of flame. An infinite variety of forms is assumed by the luminous jet, according as the fish-tail, the bat's-wing, or other burner is employed, or a greater or less column of flame allowed to rise. The most marvellous flame of the series is that from the single orifice of a steatite burner reaching a height of twenty-four inches. So sensitive is this tall and slender column as to sink to seven inches at the slightest tap upon a distant anvil. At the shaking of a bunch of keys it is violently agitated and emits a loud roar. The lecturer could not walk across the floor without agitating it. The creaking of his boots, the ticking of his watch, set it in violent commotion. As he recited a passage from Spenser, the flame picked out certain sounds to which it

responded by a slight nod, while to others it bowed more distinctly, and gave to some a profound obeisance, to other sounds all the while turning a deaf ear. There is also the "vowel" flame, so called because the different vowel sounds affect it differently. Hence we get a scale of vowel sounds in perfect accord with the analysis of Helmholtz. The pitch of the pure vowel sound A (as in "arm") is the highest. E (or I in French and Italian) contains higher notes than O, and O higher notes than U. This flame is peculiarly sensitive to the sound of s. A hiss from the most distant person in the room would forcibly affect it. To a musical-box it behaved like a sentient creature, bowing slightly to some tones, but curtsying deeply to others. We look with lively interest for the development of this novel and highly curious branch of discovery in the hands of Professor Tyndall. The seventh lecture contains some interesting remarks upon the graphic representation of musical and other sounds by means of beams of light thrown upon a screen. The continuity or intermittence of sound is made to announce itself by the alternate lengthening or shortening of the luminous band. We should have expected here some reference to the ingenious attempts of the Abbé Moigno to render musical and spoken sounds self-recording by means of sheets of sensitive paper. Experiments of this kind are of course as yet vague and rudimentary in the extreme. It is impossible to say how far off we still are from the time when a sonata or a speech will register its own acoustic pulsations in fixed and legible characters. For the existing state and prospects, however, of the science of acoustics, we cannot point to a more succinct and intelligible statement than that contained in the course of lectures before us. We would draw the attention of our readers in particular to the concluding paragraph of the last lecture. They will find there briefly and lucidly explained the recent discoveries of Professor Schultze and the Marchese Corti regarding the manner in which sonorous motion is transmitted to the auditory nerve. If not as yet scientifically conclusive, these ingenious speculations open up a new and promising passage in the anatomy and physiology of that wondrous organ the human ear.

NOTE BY A SPIRITUALIST. — Unbelievers jeer at our tables dancing, and chairs talking in action, yet no one has ever yet cast a doubt upon the annual "Speech from the Throne."

Correspondence of the New York Tribune.

AMERICANS ON A VISIT TO THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

YALTA, RUSSIA, Aug. 26, 1867.

THE passengers on board the American steam yacht Quaker City have been paying a pleasant, informal visit to his Majesty, the Autocrat of all the Russias, at his summer palace near this village. We were not smothered with attentions at Constantinople. America is in bad odor there, on account of her outspoken sympathy with the Cretans. But we found a different atmosphere in Russia. At Sebastopol we were received with great cordiality, and were not even asked to show our passports—a singular thing to occur in a Russian port. We were surprised because we had been warned that those documents would be called for and strictly scrutinized about every 40 minutes while we remained in the Czar's territories. One of the passengers began to inquire into the matter. The Russian officer he spoke to explained it in a very few words and very gracefully. He said: "Yonder is your passport—the flag you are flying is sufficient!"

The Sebastopolitans said the Emperor of Russia was spending the summer at the little watering-place of Yalta, 40 miles away, and warmly recommended us to take the ship there and visit him. They said they could insure us a kind reception. They insisted on telegraphing and also sending a courier overland to announce us. But we had been told that the great Viceroy of Egypt had had his visit there almost for nothing a few days before, and we were modest enough to have our doubts. So we went our way to Odessa, 200 miles distant. Again we were well received, and again they said "Go and see the Emperor." Finally the Governor-General telegraphed the court, a prompt reply was returned, and we sailed toward Yalta. A great question had to be solved: What is to be done and how are we to do it?

We had the United States Consul on board—the Odessa Consul. We assembled all hands in the cabin and commanded him to tell us what we must do to be saved, and tell us quickly. He made a speech. The first thing he said fell like a blight upon every hopeful spirit: he had never seen a court reception! [Three groans for the Consul.] But he said he had seen receptions at the Governor-General's in Odessa, and had often listened to people's experiences of receptions at the Russian and

various other courts, and believed he knew pretty well what sort of ordeal we were about to essay. [Hope budded again.] He said we were many; the summer palace was small — a mere mansion; doubtless we should be received in summer fashion — in the garden we would stand in a row, all the gentlemen in swallow-tail coats, white kids and white neck-ties, and the ladies in light-colored silks, or something of that kind; at the proper moment — 12 meridian — the Emperor attended by his suite arrayed in splendid uniforms, would appear and walk slowly along the line, bowing to some, and saying two or three words to others. At the moment His Majesty appeared, a universal, delighted, enthusiastic smile ought to break out like an epidemic among the passengers — a smile of love, of gratification, of admiration — and with one accord. The party must begin to bow — not obsequiously, but respectfully, and with dignity; at the end of 15 minutes the Emperor would go in the house, and we could shin along home again. We felt immensely relieved. It seemed, in a manner, easy. There wasn't a man in the party but believed that with a little practice he could stand in a row, especially if there were others along; there wasn't a man but believed he could bow without tripping on his coat-tail and breaking his neck; in a word, we came to believe we were equal to any item in the performance except that complicated smile. The counsel also said that we ought to draft a little address to the Emperor, and present it to one of his aides-de-camp, who would forward it to him at the proper time. Therefore, five of us were appointed to prepare the document, and the 50 others went sadly smiling about the ship. During the next twelve hours we had the general appearance, somehow, of being at a funeral where everybody was sorry the death had occurred, but glad it was over — where everybody was smiling, and yet broken-hearted. The Consul's closing statement was that it would be etiquette to invite the Emperor to visit the ship, and that he would respectfully decline as usual.

A committee went ashore to wait on his Excellency the Governor-General, and learn our fate. At the end of three hours of boring suspense they came back and said the Emperor would receive us at noon the next day — would send carriages for us — would hear the address in person. The Grand Duke Michael had sent to invite us to his palace also — both desired to visit the ship the following day with their families, the weather permitting. Counterfeited smiles

never gave place to real ones so suddenly before! Any man could see that there was an intention here to show that Russia's friendship for America was so genuine as to render even her private citizens objects worthy of kindly attentions.

At the appointed hour we drove out three miles, and assembled in the handsome garden in front of the Emperor's palace. In five minutes the Autocrat came out, and with him the Empress, the Grand Duchess Marie (her daughter, a pretty, blue-eyed, fair-haired girl of 14), and a little Grand Duke, about 10 years old. With them came a few princes and great dignitaries in handsome, but not gaudy uniforms. We took off our hats. I smiled a reckless smile at the finest uniform, but I found it was only the Lord High Admiral, and so I had to smile it all over again. If I had had any sense I might have known that the Imperial family would be the plainest dressed personages on the spot. The Consul read the address to the Emperor and then handed it to him. He said a word or two in reply, and passed the document to a court dignitary. This is the address: —

To His Imperial Majesty ALEXANDER II., Emperor of Russia:

We are a handfull of private citizens of America, traveling simply for recreation — and unostentatiously, as becomes our unofficial state — and, therefore, we have no excuse to tender for presenting ourselves before your Majesty, save the desire of offering our grateful acknowledgments to the Lord of a realm, which through good and through evil report, has been the steadfast friend of the land we love so well.

We could not presume to take a step like this, did we not know well that the words we speak here, and the sentiments wherewith they are freighted, are but the reflex of the thoughts and the feelings of all our countrymen, from the green hills of New England to the shores of the far Pacific. We are few in number, but we utter the voice of a nation!

One of the brightest pages that has graced the world's history since written history had its birth was recorded by your Majesty's hand when it loosed the bonds of twenty millions of men; and Americans can but esteem it a privilege to do honor to a ruler who has wrought so great a deed. The lesson that was taught us then we have profited by, and are free in truth to-day, even as we were before in name. America owes much to Russia — is indebted to her in many ways, and chiefly for her unwavering friendship in seasons of our greatest need. That that friendship may still be hers in times to come we confidently pray; that she is and will be grateful to Russia and to her sovereign for it, we know full well; that she will ever for-

feit it by any unpremeditated, unjust act or unfair course, it were treason to believe.

SAM. L. CLEMENS, WM. GIBSON,
TIMOTHY D. CROCKER, S. A. SANFORD,
COL. P. KINNEY. U. S. A.,

Committee on behalf of the passengers of the steamer Quaker City.

The Emperor had on a white cloth cap, and white cloth coat and pantaloons, all of questionable fineness. The Empress and her daughter wore simple suits of foulard, with a little blue spot in it, blue trimmings, low-crowned straw hats trimmed with blue velvet, linen collars, clerical neck-ties of muslin, blue sashes, flesh-colored gloves, parasols — lady readers will take due notice. The exceeding simplicity of these dresses would insure them against creating a sensation in Broadway. The little Grand Duke wore a red calico blouse and a straw hat, and had his pantaloons tucked into his boots. Simplicity of costume and kingly stateliness of manner cannot go very well together, and I was curious to see how the Imperial party would act. They acted as if they had never been used to anything finer. They were as free from any semblance of pride or haughtiness as if their house had always been a village minister's house. They conversed freely and unconstrainedly with anybody and everybody that came along (they all speak English) and so did the great officers of the Empire that were with them. Our party of Americans who were so distressed the day before, as to how they were going to get through this severe trial with credit, suddenly found themselves entirely at home and comfortable.

The 15-minutes audience pleasantly augmented itself to half an hour, and then instead of dismissing the guests, the Autocrat of all the Russias and his family transformed themselves into ushers, and led our tribe into the palace dining-room, into the library, the private chapel, the sitting-rooms, private writing-rooms — all over the establishment, in fact. I cannot recollect half the places. There was no hurry; there were plenty of affable Dukes and Princes, and Admirals to answer questions, and this part of the programme insensibly wore out another half hour, and something over. When there was nothing more to see, the Imperial family bade the guests good-by "till to-morrow," and we departed for the palace of the Grand Duke Michael. The young Grand Duchess, however, went to another door and bowed at the party in detail as they passed by. If you have ever called on an Emperor you will remember

that little attentions not strictly in the bill were the very ones that went furthest toward making you feel comfortable. That young girl's pleasant face, its expression of friendly interest, and her timid bow, were not calculated to make any one feel like a tiresome nuisance. In my own case I know this was so. It struck me forcibly at the time that I had seldom felt so little like a nuisance before.

It is singular, but for the moment I forgot that before all this leave-taking occurred, we were invited to the palace of the crown-prince of Russia (aged twenty), and shown all through it with the same absence of hurry as was the case at his father's mansion.

A drive of twenty minutes brought us to the beautiful park and gardens and the elegant palace of the Grand-Duke Michael. The first persons we saw there were the Empress and her daughter. They had come by a nearer road I suppose. Whether justly or not, we chose to consider this as a mark that they were not altogether tired of us yet. The introduction to the Grand Duke and his Duchess was hardly over when the Emperor arrived himself. This was about as cheerful as it could be. He caught up his brother's little children and kissed them affectionately. I could not help noticing that, because it was so little like what we had reason to expect from the stern Russian Bear we read about so much.

The Grand Duchess was as simply dressed as the Empress — was as gentle and unreserved, and as ready to talk with everybody. Her husband was just like her in these respects — a splendid looking man, over six feet high, well formed, and endowed with as kingly a presence as one could wish to see. He wore a handsome Cossack uniform, and looked the military commander to a charm. He it was who crushed out, in a two-months' campaign, the Caucasian war, that had lasted 60 years, and won the coveted first-degree cross of the Order of St. George — the only man who has been so decorated in 200 years. It is a distinction that can be achieved, but the terms are not easy — dauntless courage, exalted military genius, and — success.

There was but little ceremony here. We were shown through the palace in the free-and-easy way we had already got accustomed to, and then our friends, the Princes, and Generals, and Baronesses, conducted the gang all about the lawns and groves of the park. I enjoyed it. I had reached my level at last. If there is one thing that I am naturally fitted for, it

is to converse with Dukes. I got along well. They could not understand the subtleties of an American joke, it is true, and so they generally laughed in the wrong place. However, it wasn't any matter—they were inferior jokes anyhow, and some of them very old.

Some of us lingered in the grounds a good while, and when we got back we found the balance of the mob scattered about the reception-room and the verandahs, sitting at little tables, and drinking tea and wine and eating bread and cheese and cold meats with the Grand Duke, who ate at one table a while and then at another, and kept the conversation and the destruction of provisions going with a zeal which was perfectly astonishing in the brother of an Emperor. I did not suppose that the brothers of autocrats were so much like other people. Some people have curious ways about them. This sort of thing may have suited His Imperial Highness, but if I were a Grand Duke I wouldn't eat with those varlets. As the circumstances stood, however, I took a hand. They give you a lemon to squeeze into your tea there, or iced milk if you prefer it. The former is best. The Grand Duke's tea was delicious. It is brought overland from China. It injures the article to transport it by sea.

Well, to cut a long story short, it was a chatty, sociable tea-party, and free from restraint. Whoever chose got up and walked about and talked, and in all human probability would have been allowed to whistle if he had wanted to. And it was a pleasant picnic all through, from the time we left the ship till we got back again. We had spent nearly half a day with the heads of the Russian Empire, and it had seemed as if we were merely visiting a party of ordinary friends. There was not one of them but had said the kindest things about America, and said them with an earnestness that proved their sincerity—not one but had done everything he could to make us feel contented and at home. I fear for our less liberal hospitality. If they visit the ships they will find a sign up: "No smoking abaft the wheel"—but the Grand Duke passed around his box of cigars in his own reception-room. And there was another incident that shows how little he was inclined to put on airs, and how genuine the seeming cordiality of our reception was. This lordly brother of an Emperor, and himself sub-chief of half an Empire, came down on his horse to Yalta, three miles, when we first came ashore, and escorted our procession all the

way to the palace, keeping a sharp look-out, and dispatching his aids hither and thither to furnish assistance whenever it was needed; and, being dressed in an unpretentious uniform, nobody ever suspected who he was until we recognized him in his own palace. I doubt if he goes about escorting a rabble of plain civilians every day.

You may possibly think that our party tarried too long, or did other improper things, but such was not the case. Their going and coming, and all their movements, were quietly regulated by the imperial master of ceremonies. Mr. M. Curtin, our Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg, was present, and his advice was frequently asked and followed. The company felt that they were occupying an unusually responsible position—they were representing the people of America, not the Government—and therefore they were especially anxious to perform their high mission with credit.

On the other hand, the imperial families, no doubt, considered that in entertaining us they were more especially entertaining the people of America than they could by showering attentions on a whole platoon of ministers plenipotentiary; and therefore they gave to the event its fullest significance, as an expression of good will and friendly feeling toward the entire country. We took the kindnesses we received as attentions thus directed, of course, and not to ourselves as a party. That we felt a personal pride in being received as the representatives of a great people, we do not deny; that we felt a national pride in the warm cordiality of that reception, cannot be doubted. The address and an account of the proceedings have already been forwarded to various Russian newspapers for publication, and thus our little holiday adventure is invested with a degree of political significance. It is well. We represented only the true feeling of America toward Russia when we thanked her, through her Chief, for her valuable friendship in times past and hoped that it would continue.

The sea has been very rough to-day, but still many Russian nobles, civilians, and officers of the army and navy have visited the ship. Among them were Baron Wrangel, formerly Russian Ambassador at Washington, the Admiral and several Vice-Admirals of the Russian fleets, and Gen. Todtleben, the honored defender, for 18 trying months, of Sebastopol. For his distinguished services there he has been decorated with the crosses of the third and fourth degree of the Order of St. George.

By invitation we visited the Empress's yacht this morning, and afterward brought back the captains of that vessel and of one of the Emperor's yachts to breakfast with us. We have visitors on board all the time, and if we only had the boundless politeness these Russians are naturally gifted with we could entertain them well. They are able to make themselves pleasant company, whether they speak one's language or not, but our tribe can't think of anything to do or say when they get hold of a subject of the Czar who knows only his own language. However, one of our ladies, from Cleveland, Ohio, is a notable exception to this rule. She escorts Russian ladies about the ship, and talks and laughs with them, and makes them feel at home. They comprehend no word she utters, but they understand the good-will and the friendliness that are in the tones of her voice. I wish we had more like her. They all try, but none succeed so well as she.

The Emperor is very tall and slender — spare, one may say — and his bearing is full of dignity and easy self-possession. An unbending will is stamped upon his face, and yet when he smiles his blue eyes are as gentle as a woman's. His hair and whiskers are very light. He is 48 years old, but looks about 53 or 54.

The Grand Duke Michael is very tall and well shaped; has a blue eye that must beam with a wicked light when he is angry, though it is lively and pleasant enough under peaceable circumstances; his whiskers and *mustache* (a modification of the *Dundreary* pattern) are light, and he cuts his hair as close as plush, and don't curl it. He is as straight as an Indian, and if ever a man looked what they call "born to command," he does. His is the stateliest figure in Europe, I am willing to believe. His courtly grace, his fine military bearing, his varied accomplishments, and his knightly achievements make of him a Russian Sir Philip Sydney. He is greatly beloved in Russia.

The Czar and his brother would be marked in a crowd as great men and good ones. The Emperor Napoleon would be marked in a crowd as a great man and a cunning one. The Sultan of Turkey would not be marked in a crowd at all. I want to see one more assortment of kings and average them, and then I shall be satisfied.

The day is drawing to a close, and the sea is so rough that the Emperor will certainly not visit the ship. Baron Ungern-Stenberg, the director of all the Russian

railways, has come on board, and is evidently at home with the passengers. He has traveled a great deal in America. He is preparing to web the Empire with railroads. Prince Dalgorouki and Count Festetics, members of the Emperor's Court, are also here, and we are getting ready to fire a salute for the Governor-General, who will be along directly with his family. They are laying carpets on the pier for them to walk on. They might have done that for the poet, but I suppose they didn't know he was here.

We shall have a champagne spree directly, I suppose, and then bid our guests and Russia farewell, and sail for the Sublime Porte. We have got so used to Princes now, that it is going to be hard work, during the next few days, to get down to the level of the common herd again. MARK TWAIN.

From the Economist Aug 24.

THE INFLUENCE OF FOREIGN ANXIETIES UPON THE MONEY MARKET.

THE meeting of the Emperor of France and the Emperor of Austria at Salzburg is one of the striking events which rivet people's attention, and which, though intrinsically they may be nothing, yet awaken the minds of men to deeper causes which otherwise they would not see. The effect of the meeting upon the European money market has not been favorable, and it could not be expected to be so. The hidden movement to which this meeting recalls men's minds is one which may be productive of great future good, but can in no way promote present quietude.

The one subject of great magnitude which the Emperor of France and the Emperor of Austria can have in common is the growth of Prussia. The seven days' war has produced a sudden effect in Europe; a new power of immense force has been created, and daily tends to become greater. For years Germany has been unanimous in desiring unity, but she has been divided as to the mode in which she desired it; one party wished to gain it under the headship of Prussia, another under the headship of Austria. But the battle of Königgrätz decided that issue. No competent person now hopes or dreams that Austria can ever again get a hold on North Germany. The

most active, the best educated, and the most powerful part of the country has passed without recall beyond her influence, and all the hope of future German unity now centres in Prussia only. Besides this Prussia is the winner, and Austria the loser, and so all the set of present Germany is in favour of Prussia, and is adverse to Austria, by the universal principles of human nature. Nor is the Great North German Power favourable to France. For generations, the traditional French policy—the policy which M. Thiers represents—has been to keep Germany weak, and she can only be kept weak by keeping her divided. France has owed her predominance in Europe to her being more united than her competitors—mainly to her being more united than Germany, the greatest of her competitors; and, if Germany begins to rival her in her unity, she may soon surpass her in her power. She is already before her—speaking broadly and generally—in the education, the comfort, and, perhaps, the physical strength of her people. If really united, she would be first in numbers now,—and her population increases, though that of France is stationary. Why, then, should Germany be content with meaner *prestige* and inferior political power?

That this common enemy of France and of Austria is irresistible, we believe. The unity of Germany under the headship of Prussia and under the predominance of Northern Germany, seems to us both desirable and inevitable. It is desirable that there should be equilibrium upon the continent, and the best balance, the only real balance, is a single antagonist of equal power. The Congress of Vienna, by artificial contrivance, tried to make a set of small States balance France; but the attempt failed, as was certain. One great Germany is the only counterpoise to one great France. And if Germany is to be one, she had better be one under the headship of Prussia, which is Protestant, highly cultivated, and without a sinister interest, than under that of Austria, which is Catholic, which is worse educated, and which has perpetual sinister interests derived from a non-German and miscellaneous population. Neither Austria nor France can alter the new world, as we believe; but will they recognise this impossible, will they submit to the

great fact which benefits the world, but which impairs and hurts them, without a blow or struggle?

As far as the Emperor of Austria goes, the auguries are not favorable. It is now known that the war of 1859 was, for the time at least, his work; that the Emperor of the French would have been glad, at least for the moment, to draw back; that it was a *bolt* of the Emperor of Austria which caused the rupture. Francis Joseph's policy, a policy, it would be unjust not to say, pursued always under great and often under insuperable difficulties, has often shown the same impulsiveness. Austria, till now, has been before all things else a German power. She has valued her non-German provinces mainly as means of influence and of predominance in Germany; and she cannot lose that influence and forego all future hope of that predominance without pain, humiliation, and even shame. Whether an excitable eager sovereign like Francis Joseph will endure that pain without a frantic effort to evade it, must be dubious.

In the Emperor of the French there is far more hope. He is a great and calm statesman; he has great experience; he is used to weigh events; he is used to see all sides of all difficulties; he knows, his imagination apprehends, what a European war means better than any living man. The combination of nationalities into nations is a principle which he first introduced into recognised diplomacy; before he took it up it was thought to be a dream fit only for enthusiasts, and not to be regarded by responsible statesmen. It will be a pang, no doubt, to him to see France lessened in Europe, and lessened by the certain consequences of his own treasured principle. Still, he has a mind; he may see that it must be so; that it is to him far the less of two great evils; that he will only make things worse by contending with an impending destiny. Probably, according to his dilatory and suspensive habit, he will long delay his decision, but the balance of probability is on the side of hope and peace.

Perhaps the most painful part of the matter is, that the choice is really for the moment pretty much with these two men. The great nations they rule do not want to go to war; but they would go to war, and would follow exactly where they were led.